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SIXPENCE.
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ELIZABETH OF BAVARIA, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

ASSASSINATED AT GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

Photo Pietzner, Vienna.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The oddest contrasts in ideas come from Russia. One fine day the Russian Foreign Secretary, who is supposed by some authorities to be at the brimstone end of a certain "long spoon," receives the members of the *corps diplomatique*, and hands each of them a paper, for all the world as if he were distributing tracts. This paper is a tract indeed, the most remarkable composition in that style that modern Christendom has read. The tractarian is no less a personage than the Czar, who is believed to have been assisted in the writing of an eloquent plea for universal peace by the very Minister who is reputed to have so strong an interest in the constant supply of brimstone. Sir William Crookes tells us that when the stock of nitrate gives out, we can manufacture it to any extent from the circumambient air. Will the stock of brimstone give out, and the "long spoon" be exhibited to future generations as a curiosity of the dark ages? Alas! there is so much brimstone in the air that the temptation to turn it into cartridges and machine-guns is so far irresistible to civilised nations who vie with one another in stupendous armaments. The Czar has an earnest desire to check this competition, the calamities of which he paints in most impressive language. He may not satisfy Count Tolstoi, who holds that war can be prevented only by the refusal of mankind to bear arms. But the Czar has the sympathy of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, who is all for the extinction of brimstone by orthodoxy, autocracy, and the general acceptance of the proposition that journalism is futile.

Yes, the Procurator has written a book in which "The Futility of Journalism" is the subject of a solemn argument. This is a shock to the journalist's self-esteem. He would have felt flattered if the Procurator had argued that journalism was an actively malevolent principle akin to brimstone. But futility! If the Procurator simply means that in knowledge and authority no journalism in Russia can compete with the Holy Synod, there is something in his point. The Turk who burnt the Alexandria Library is reported to have said that if the books contained what was in the Koran, they were useless, and that if they contained any other matter they were infidel. So the Procurator may argue with some force that the journalism which is a humble echo of the Holy Synod must be futile. In Western Europe, alack! the journalist who wishes to order himself in deference to his betters has no synodical example. In his search for spiritual direction, he opens his *Times*, and is deeply shocked by columns of correspondence about "lawlessness in the Church." With no Procurator to instil meekness into his soul, he imagines that he can interpret laws, and even make them. Nay, there are journalists who have actually formed an association to encourage "a policy of international co-operation and reduction of armaments." They have sent me a circular and invited my opinion. I feel that I ought to say to them, "My friends, why meddle in this way with affairs which belong to Sovereigns and Procurators? M. Pobedonostsev has taken in hand the cause of universal peace. When such an oracle opens his mouth, shall any dog bark? Let us recognise our futility by remaining dumb!"

That advice would not be taken, and (such is the miserable pride of the journalist) I cannot even bring myself to press it. But there is another difficulty. International co-operation for the reduction of armaments is an admirable ideal which we all hope to see consummated. The diplomats who have this task before them are not likely to underrate the obstacles. There is a complexity of interests (to say nothing of suspicions) to be straightened out, adjusted, and modified. There are nations who feel the weight of armaments, and nations who do not. The first will say: "Yes, we are terribly overburdened; but if we lighten our burdens, who will guarantee our safety?" The second will say: "We pay heavily for our national defence and for certain aspirations we are unwilling to abandon; but the burden is not out of proportion to our strength." A French military writer has been analysing the expenditure of France on armaments between 1815 and 1870, and between 1870 and 1898. He finds that in the earlier period the expenditure was proportionately heavier than in the later. France is spending relatively less on military and more on purely civil purposes; hence, he argues that the reduction of her armaments is unreasonable. I have no doubt he would apply the same logic to a triumphant demonstration that every country ought to disarm except his own. How are the diplomats to free themselves from bias of this kind? They might do it if the world remained at peace long enough for animosities to be subdued and ambitions chastened; but who can tell that a sudden explosion will not upset the deliberations of an international committee appointed to suggest the exact proportions in which the armaments ought to be reduced? If the whole of the earth's surface could be justly divided amongst lawful possessors, and if the spirit of covetousness were eradicated and the hereditary mischiefs of history extinguished, you might set up international obligations which would not be violated. Are we in sight of these conditions?

If a pacific league of nations is difficult of achievement, how are the members of a league of journalists to see eye to eye? In the circular which has been sent to me I find representatives of many countries. Who is to say that the journalist from Brazil will always be in accord with the journalist from Turkey? With the utmost goodwill for the interests of peace, I might have the misfortune to differ from both of them. It would not be pleasant to find oneself addressed thus: "You call yourself a member of the International Association of Journalist Friends of Peace, and yet you can express sentiments which are uncommonly like a provocation to war!" There's the rub, my friends. We are all anxious to serve the ends of peace; but war is not going to be abolished in this world, and while some of us may think that a certain desirable object cannot be accomplished without recourse to arms, others may be for avoiding conflict at any cost, and on that issue your league, composed of so many diverse nationalities, may split. And as an international league of peace, broken by discord about the justice of a particular war, would be a sorry sight, I think a journalist may do his best for the serenity of mankind without becoming a leaguer.

M. de Rougemont's account to the British Association of his researches among the cannibals in the interior of the Australian continent has excited some lively scepticism. But there are points in the narrative which call for sympathetic comment. The position of woman among the cannibals may excite the envy of her civilised sisters. She does not engage in typewriting for a livelihood, because there is always a husband. Perhaps she has not absolute freedom of choice; still, the social system which provides an unfailing supply of husbands is not to be despised. Moreover, the black lady is permitted by etiquette to make advances. If she says to a man, "Will you get me some food?" that means a proposal. I presume that the rights of man are so far safeguarded as to leave him the option of replying without loss of dignity, "Very sorry I can't oblige you. Do you mind asking that gentleman who is coming along in his best evening suit of grease, clay, and feathers?" Why should we not apply this code to our own society? If a charming girl at a party murmurs in your ear, "Please take me down to supper," why not let that signify, "I am yours; marry me?" The beautiful simplicity of these savages is a rebuke to our boasted civilisation. Imagine the thrill with which you would hear the charming girl who had gone down to supper unwillingly with another man addressing you thus: "Will you get me some of that lobster mayonnaise?" What delicious candour! No more fair, speechless messages from her eyes, but downright invitation, made all the sweeter by the palpable annoyance of the other suitor!

After that, lobster would become for you the sacred emblem of conubial bliss—not to be swallowed, but hallowed. M. de Rougemont says that certain kinds of food are tabooed among the cannibals. If the husband's sacred animal is kangaroo, he must not eat it, though his wife may have it roast and boiled every day. The sacred animal of her tribe is forbidden to her, but relished exceedingly by him. The idea that the children will inherit the vigour of both diets seems poor physiology, for they would be still more vigorous if their parents had no taboo in the larder. M. de Rougemont is naturally reticent about the physiological effect of cannibalism. The little girl in the Board school who, when asked to describe a negro, wrote, "A negro is a man who eats missionaries," was much more candid. She took it for granted that missionary was nourishing to the black man. M. de Rougemont's cannibals ate their dead enemies with the sincere conviction that such food nourished the quality of physical courage. For thirty years he tried to dissuade them from this practice, apparently without success. But if his story be true, this horrible belief of theirs was compatible with domestic virtues of a high order, for their women were treated with a respect which is not surpassed in the annals of chivalry. The Australian aboriginal may be a cannibal, but he is not a wife-beater; and if he could listen to some of the charges in a London police-court, he might give himself genuine airs of offended manhood.

An aesthetic friend writes to me: "Like you, I feel the beauty of the Thames at Westminster after nightfall. But oh! the grimy images of the day! On the hottest afternoon of this tropical September I panted for air, and took a steamer from Blackfriars to Battersea Square pier. The steamer was not a thing of loveliness. The commander and crew were like creatures from a coal-hole. A foreigner with a guide-book in his hand gazed at them with alarm. He had evidently heard of the Englishman's devotion to his 'tub,' and could not reconcile it with these dusky spectres who hustled him on board with strange vernacular. At Battersea there were several coal-barges from which boys were bathing. They romped among the coals till they were black, and then plunged into the stream. The foreigner looked at them and muttered, 'Ciel!' There will be a pretty article soon in one of the Paris journals declaring that the boasted cleanliness of the perfidious islanders is the worst symptom of our national hypocrisy!"

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral. On Sept. 8 the fiftieth year of her residence in the Highlands was celebrated. This interesting festival is illustrated on another page. Lord James of Hereford, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has arrived at Balmoral Castle.

The Prince of Wales on Sept. 8 landed from the royal yacht *Osborne*, at East Cowes, and drove to Osborne House, where he stayed for some days prior to his departure for Scotland. His Royal Highness was able to attend the Sunday morning service in the private chapel at Osborne.

The Duke of Connaught arrived in Paris on Saturday, and has gone to Moulins, in the Department of the Allier, to join President Faure in witnessing the military manoeuvres of the French army. The Empress Frederick of Germany is expected in England about the end of September, to visit the Queen at Balmoral. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has returned from the Continent.

The election for North Downshire last week resulted in favour of Mr. J. Blakiston Houston, Conservative Unionist, by a majority of 280 over Mr. T. L. Corbett, a candidate of the same political party.

A farewell address was presented on Sept. 8 to Colonel John Hay, the United States Ambassador to England, on his departure to take the office of Secretary of State at Washington by the Executive Committee of the Anglo-American League, with Mr. James Bryce, M.P., chairman, leading the deputation. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has arrived in America on a short private visit.

The army manoeuvres in Wiltshire, concluding a few miles to the north of Salisbury, towards Amesbury, and between the small rivers Avon, Wile, and Bourne, conducted by the Duke of Connaught and General Sir Redvers Buller with two opposing forces of troops, each numbering almost 27,000 men, were followed on Sept. 8 by a grand review. This took place on Boscombe Down, near Beacon Hill, six miles from Salisbury, all the troops marching past the Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, who delivered a brief address to the assembled commanding officers.

The British Association Congress at Bristol, which was opened on Sept. 8 by the President, Sir William Crookes, with his address on the possible exhaustion of chemical ingredients for wheat-growing soils, and on some other topics both of scientific and utilitarian interest, has been remarkably successful. The attendance of members and visitors numbered about 2500; and in the sections of Mathematics and Physics, Botany, Zoology, and Biology, the addresses delivered respectively by Professors Ayrton, Ramsay, Japp, Bowe, and Sir John Lubbock, with subsequent discussions, were of an instructive character. There were excursions to the naval squadron lying in the Severn, to the Barry Docks at Cardiff, to the Severn Railway Tunnel, to Bath, to the Cheddar Cliffs and Mendip Hills, and to other notable places or objects.

Two or three collisions of steamers in the Channel and the Irish Sea, during the fogs early last week, sank more than one vessel. One ship lost, off Ushant, was the *Laudana*, a British steamer bound from Hamburg to the West Coast of Africa, but happily all lives were saved. The weather all over England has been very fine, and the heat is now somewhat abated. On Sept. 8 it was 92 deg. in the shade in London, and 87 deg. in the open country.

Several malignant attempts to wreck Midland and North-Western Railway trains from London, running over the lines in Northamptonshire, by placing obstructions upon the rails, were discovered in the middle of last week.

East London is still suffering much distress from the scarcity of water. It appears that not only the supply from the river Lea has failed, but the Amwell and Chadwell springs of the New River, between Hertford and Ware, have ceased to flow. The London School Board has sent a deputation to the Local Government Board, complaining that many of the schools can get no water for the children to drink, or for the flushing of their lavatories and drains.

The aged Queen of Denmark's birthday, celebrated last week at Bernstorff Castle, near Copenhagen, was notwithstanding her delicate state of health, a cheerful occasion. Every one of the royal family, including the Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York, the Dowager Empress of Russia, with the Grand Duke Michael, the King of Greece and Prince George of Greece, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and some of the German Princes, came to show their regard for the venerable old lady, who is widely esteemed in Europe as well as beloved at home.

The Spanish Government at Madrid is rapidly pushing through the Cortes, in private Session, the legislative Act for the surrender of Cuba and the Philippines and other colonial dominions, in the terms of its stipulated peace treaty with America, to be finally concluded by the diplomatic conference in Paris. It is expected that Señor Sagasta's Ministry will resign office immediately after the ratification of this peace. Numbers of the returning soldiers from Cuba and Puerto Rico, and of those made prisoners in the late war, continue to arrive home in a miserable plight from sickness at different ports in Spain. The condition of the American troops likewise, and the alleged faults of the army administration, excite much public dissatisfaction in the United States. An official inquiry has been ordered by President McKinley.

In the British West Indies, disquieting reports of a negro conspiracy in Barbadoes, with the actual assassination of the Speaker of the Colonial House of Assembly on Sept. 2, and with threatening anonymous letters sent to Sir James Shaw Hay, the Governor, have caused some alarm, but the Government seems to be on the alert, and sufficient force is near at hand.

A great disaster has befallen the rising town of New Westminster, in British Columbia, by a conflagration which destroyed nearly all the business part of the town, the damage being reckoned at half a million sterling.

SOME MAD AMERICANS IN DORKING.
BY GELETT BURGESS.

(Mr. Gelett Burgess is staying in Dorking with Mrs. R. L. Stevenson and her family.)

Why Dorking? "Why not?" said the March Hare. There is no other reason in the world why we should be here. We do not quarrel with fate, but float cheerfully upon the tide of circumstance that bears us where it will. For me and for Celestine, Dorking consists of a beautiful old-fashioned garden, set *à la mode* with a may-tree, a row of sunflowers, hollyhocks, and phlox. To these, a little arbour of purple clematis. There are rose bushes, of course, and shrubs in pots; but the lawn's the thing, the sward laid like a stage for a theatre of day-dreams. Ah, "what do they know of Dorking who only Dorking know!"

But this is all secluded from the High Street, and Celestine and I are as remote from the world in our garden as ever Adam and Eve in theirs, with the advantage over Eden of having no animals except a whining puppy next door, who disturbs us when the moon is full. But I can outdo him with a sixpenny bagpipe that I bought on the Strand that awful Thursday when I went to town.

But though we know not Dorking, Dorking knows us: we are the mad Americans. While we are not shocking the community by Margaret's appearance on High Street, wheeling her own baby's pram, Dorking peeps at us through our front door. It is very exciting to Dorking: for though the knocks come often, the door is never opened by the same person. We keep four servants, but usually the housemaid has a toothache, the lady's maid is helping cook in the kitchen, and the nurse disdains menial service. All her spare time is spent in complaining of the butter. We sit in suspense till the third time of knocking; then our curiosity becomes intolerable, and one of the family rushes to the door. By this time, the windows opposite are full; neighbours nod and giggle. Americans are so eccentric!

We are but camping out at best, and our idiosyncrasies are exaggerated, I know, by the tales the non-resident housemaid carries home. She is willing, but she is not intelligent; she has not learned the American manner of joking with a straight face. It was only yesterday that the postman levied a toll of threepence upon a forwarded letter. We were at breakfast, and the eggs were disappointing. "Ask the postman if he won't take an egg instead of threepence," said the head of the table. Because he did not grin from ear to ear as he spoke, the housemaid obeyed to the letter. The postman sent reply that "he didn't care for eggs, and wanted his threepence," and the story of our insanity went with him up High Street to the uttermost parts of the town.

My white canvas trousers come home from the laundry folded down the sides, instead of with an American "dead crease" down the front. This makes me appear about three feet wide down my legs, as if I were square-rigged and carried all sail set; but is that my fault? If I prefer white duck to yellow flannel, the sin be on Dorking's head. We take four morning papers and two in the evening, and the scandal is abroad that our ladies read them! Newspapers are for men only in Dorking, but the cook is already beguiled, and talks of the war like any American. She has learned, too, to make coffee with coffee in it; but by her reproachful glance we stand convicted of tooping a hideous brown decoction, very strong and very expensive.

Every morning Celestine and I go a-shopping for the day's rations. We spent one morning running to earth a rumour of fourpenny tins of tomatoes. We discovered, at last, where to buy corn-meal. The chandler wot not of this barbarous provender; the grocer, the fishmonger, the mercer, and the drysaler did not, had never been, enlightened. To understand our dilemma, you must know that the very trade-names of these merchants had to be learned by us very carefully out of a dictionary; we are much simpler with our commerce in America, and sometimes, indeed, one can buy pork and beef at the same shop! At last we found it, disguised as "maize-meal," at a seed-merchant's. In England this delicious cereal is eaten only by the gamekeeper's pheasants. But how infinitely toothsome those broiled pheasants must be with their maize-meal still in them!

On our walks through Dorking we encounter by ones and by twos the members of a company of strolling players who give nightly performances in a wooden tent on the Dene. Now one might think it remarkable to meet Lady Audley and her Secret upon the street; Conn the Shaughrian and the Maniac Lover at the next crossing; the Beggar farther on (he whose Petition was so cynically denied by the Woman in Red on Friday), all in their stage costumes, almost, for the Players' wardrobe is meagrely supplied, and the Heir's frock-coat needs but a trick with lace at the collar and sleeves when he appears on the stage. You would think that these artists would attract some attention upon the streets of the little town of Dorking; but what are they to the sight of us mad Americans, whom even an actor can stare down? They have seen us, indeed, exploding with laughter and drenched with tears of compassion at their Pavilion of Varieties, where we hold the whole front row of shilling seats; we are marked with eccentricities as they are spotted with tinsel and lace. They are the sinner, with all their ranted hyperboles and tropes; we are Objects of Interest.

As we enter the Post Office, Celestine and I, the clerks sit up, awaiting a sensation. It is cruel not to satisfy their expectations, and I am as mad an American as the occasion warrants. I spend nine shillings for a cablegram, and we watch the empress of the telegraph-key as she spells out the mysterious message, "Invertebrate. Instill. Grappling. Bungler. Complimentary. Artichoke." I have outwitted her with my code, but she looks at me with a sentimental eye; for last night she despatched a curly-haired messenger to me at midnight with the words, "Song of Solomon, One, Fifteen." I am sure she has taken the obvious course of reading, and is estimating my capacity for romance.

Margaret has done her share also, for she has not yet learned English as she is spoke in Dorking. She still

inquires—not "enquires," mind you—for apothecaries, grocery-stores, railroad-stations, spool-cotton, mail-boxes, buggies, bureaus, and trunks. She rides a "wheel" she crosses the "track," keeping carefully on the right-hand side of the road; she "mails" her letters, she "fixes" her hair; she spells "color" without the "u," for she is an American "traveler" with one "l." She tried to have a "dress" made in one piece for a morning-frock, but the sempstress was horrified. "Why, only servants' gowns are made like that!" However, Margaret, having had the temerity to push her own "baby-carriage," thought she might enjoy the advantages as well as the discomforts of service, and insisted.

We all went to the circus, and were as conspicuous as a coachman with spectacles. We have done everything except look at the chief sights and the Objects of Interest of the town. It does not matter to us that Dickens has mentioned the "Markis o' Granby" Inn, that Daniel Defoe wrote a part of "Robinson Crusoe" at West Humble Cottage, that Nelson lived at the Burford Bridge Hotel, that Lily Duchess of Marlborough has a castle or a tumulus or something within rifle-shot. We are here not to be amused but to amuse. We mad Americans are here to make Dorking still more famous!

MORE POETRY OF WHIST.

Card bards have not insisted much on the moral of Whist, but there is a curious little poem in the "Bath Miscellany"—a collection of *jeux d'esprit* published in 1741 in the fashionable west-country resort. (In those days Whist was still spelt with a *k*—)

ON THE GAME OF WHISK.

How true those cards life represent!
'Tis all in tricks and honours spent.
We shuffle, cut, and deal about
Till all the stock of life runs out.
The Ace, the King, the Queen, the Knave,
Command the bold and privilege crave;
The rest, from single Ten to Dence and Tray,
Humble obedience to the higher pay:
The Court grandees ride tyrants of the play.
Call a new pack, it's all the same,
These lordly chiefs control the game.
Then learn to follow suit and mind your play:
To answer Leaders is the safest way.
Deal then, play fair, your Rep. and Fortune save:
The worst of all the Honours is a Knave.

A cynical writer in the *Anti-Jacobin* of 1798 draws another lesson—which will interest Mr. Grant Allen—from the conditions of the game—

Of whist or cribbage mark th' amusing game,
The partners changing, but the sport the same,
Else would the gamster's anxious ardour cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
Yet must one man, with one uncensing eye
Play the Long Rubber of Commbial Life.

In an American newspaper of a few years ago, I found a touching appeal under the title of "A Whist-Player's Prayer." It began with a petition to the Ace—

O modest Ace, how may I win
Favour of thee, that in the spin
Of Fortune's coin, thou wilt begin
To show me grace,
Retiring Ace!

And wound up with a pathetic supplication to trumps—

O glorious Trumps, why still eschew
Thy vassal, giving one or two
When eight or nine were all too few?
Oh, come in lumps,
Reluctant Trumps!

We may hope that Whist will some day claim a better bard than that. Unfortunately, evidence is wanting to show that there were trumps in the famous game when—

Cupid and my Campane played
At cards for kisses.

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July 11, 1898.

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ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.



GRAND HÔTEL BEAU-RIVAGE, GENEVA, WHERE THE EMPRESS WAS STAYING.



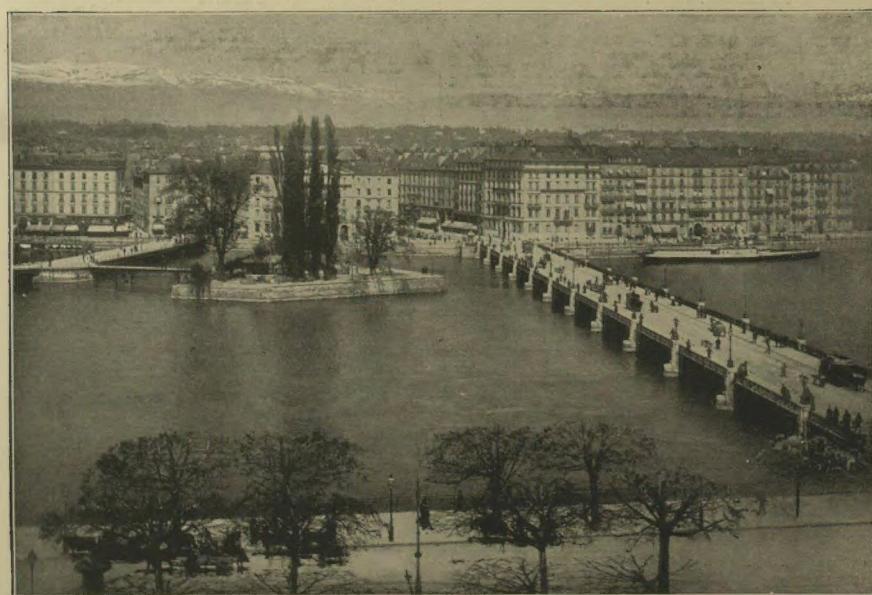
THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



THE EMPRESS HUNTING WITH THE MEATH HOUNDS,
APRIL 1879.



THE BRUNSWICK MONUMENT, NEAR TO WHICH THE EMPRESS WAS ASSASSINATED.



VIEW OF THE QUAY AND BRIDGE, GENEVA.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE
PALACE OF LAXENBERG, NEAR VIENNA, IN 1855.

THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: REJOICINGS AT THE HAGUE.



CYCLISTS PASSING THE ROYAL TRIBUNE.—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ILLUMINATED.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Amidst the recent gratifying signs of personal friendship and of domestic affection mutually prevailing between royal personages, we suddenly have to deplore the dreadful fate of the Empress of Austria—an event not only most shocking, as the wanton assassination of an innocent woman must ever be to all human feeling, but the more lamentable since the long reign of her bereaved husband, shared by his accomplished and generous consort, has been distinguished by good, wise, and beneficent actions, and by a course of fidelity and integrity in State policy, of respect for constitutional rights and care for the welfare of their subjects, which is one of the fairest chapters of contemporary history. The Empress, however, had for several years past felt herself obliged, by her liability to some nervous disorder, to lead a life withdrawn from the ceremonial pomp of a Court, and to seek frequent change of scene with exercise in the open air. In former years she was a skilful horsewoman, fond of field sports, and even followed the hounds in Cheshire and in Ireland with English fox-hunters; but she was also an enthusiastic Greek scholar and a student of classical antiquities. She had latterly suffered much from sciatica, and had given up riding. Though sixty years of age, she enjoyed travelling with the freedom of the tourist, and was sometimes joined by the Emperor for a few days, when he could get away from his labours of a complex and difficult twofold Government, with various discordant races, in Austria and in his Hungarian kingdom.

Her Majesty was sojourning in Switzerland, and on Friday, Sept. 9, came by the steamer over the Lake, from Territet to Geneva, to visit Baron and Baroness de Rothschild. Travelling incognito, as Countess Hohenems, she stayed at the Hôtel Beau Rivage, with a few servants. Next day, an hour after noon, having sent these with her luggage by railway to Caux, she remained with only her lady-in-attendance and a courier, and in this manner she left the hotel. She was walking with Countess Szapary towards the landing-stage for the steam-boat, near the Mont Blanc Hotel; the courier had gone on before. A man who was hiding behind a tree rushed forward and struck her in the breast with a sharp weapon. She fell, but was able to rise and walk on board the steam-boat. Though she felt pain, yet there was no flow of blood, and she did not know that she was stabbed. The steam-boat at once started. A quarter of an hour afterwards the Empress fainted; then the captain was told of what had happened; he turned the vessel back to the shore. The Empress, quite unconscious, was carried to the hotel, and died in a few minutes. Her heart and left lung had been pierced to the depth of three inches and a half; the bleeding had been internal.

The weapon used by the murderer was a triangular file, sharpened to a point. He had instantly run away, along the Rue des Alpes, but had been seized by two cabmen, who had seen him strike the blow. He is a young Italian, born at Paris, named Luigini Lucchini, a stone-cutter, who served for a time at Parma in the Italian army, but was lately at Zurich or Lausanne. Having been a member of the Anarchist sect of conspirators at Bologna, and having been concerned in the insurrection at Milan, he had to fly from Italy.

The afflicting news reached the Emperor Francis Joseph at Schönbrunn, his palace near Vienna, by telegraph, at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. In the evening his Majesty received messages of condolence and sympathy from every sovereign and head of a State; one from Queen Victoria at Balmoral, expressing "the utmost consternation and sorrow, mourning profoundly the loss of the Empress with whom she had been on terms of friendship for many years, and feeling, too, most deeply for the honoured and bereaved Emperor, who has experienced so many trials during his long and beneficial reign." The Prince of Wales also sent a message from Osborne. The Swiss Cantonal Government of Geneva and the Federal Council of the Swiss Republic, at Berne, held meetings on Sunday morning, and sent addresses to the Emperor of Austria. The body of the late Empress has been sent to Vienna for the funeral, which takes place on Saturday.

Her Majesty Elizabeth Amélie Eugénie, a daughter of the late Duke Max of Bavaria, and first cousin to the Emperor Francis Joseph, their mothers being sisters, was born on Dec. 24, 1837, and married to the Emperor, at Vienna, on April 24, 1854. The imperial couple lost their only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, in a very sad manner a few years ago. Their daughter the Archduchess Valérie arrived at Schönbrunn on Saturday evening to comfort her father.

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

The Dutch national celebration at Amsterdam, from Monday to Friday last week, and subsequently at the Hague, of Queen Wilhelmina's enthronement upon her coming of age, has employed the pencil of our Special Artist in those cities. The celebrations included, besides the chief ceremonial in the Nieuwe Kerk, on Tuesday, Sept. 6, various brilliant processions which escorted Wilhelmina and her mother, the Dowager-Queen Emma, hitherto Reinet, through the Amsterdam streets, beneath decorative triumphal arches, and across the numerous bridges over frequent canals, both at their arrival on Sept. 5 and

when their Majesties went to visit different parts of the city. They inspected the Rembrandt Exhibition, the Rijks's Museum (National Gallery of Art), the Palace of Industry, and the special collections of antiquities and memorials of past times, which were further illustrated by a grand costume-figure parade of historical interest. The illuminations, reflected in so many waters, had a splendid effect. On Thursday, at the Concert-Hall, the Queens heard a cantata, specially composed for the occasion—the music by Bernhard Zeevers; the words by one of the most esteemed surviving Dutch literary veterans, the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Beets, now over eighty years of age; he is popularly known as "Hildebrand," the humorous and genial author of the "Camera Obscura." Another incident of some literary interest was the performance before their Majesties at the City Theatre, under municipal patronage, of an historical dramatic sketch, a one-act play, called "Orange and Netherland." It is the work of Hendrik Jan Schimmel, also an author still living, and he composed it for a similar occasion nearly half a century ago. It was first performed in the theatre at the Hague, in April 1849, before the late King William III., at the beginning of his reign; thirty years afterwards, in April 1879, there was a second performance of it, by special request, at Amsterdam, before that King and his newly married second Queen, the parents of the present youthful Sovereign. The subject of "Orange and Netherland" is the situation and heroic action of Prince William of Orange in 1672, at the crisis of the French invasion, when he, before his twenty-second birthday, was called upon to take up the office of Stadholder, and to provide and conduct the military defences of the

Fighting was continued during four hours, until one officer, Lieutenant Haldane, and seven soldiers of the Highland regiment, with four British seamen, had been killed, and about thirty-five men of the British army and navy wounded. They were compelled, at length, to withdraw and get on board the vessel. At the British Consulate, the Vice-Consul, M. Calocherino, a Greek, eighty years of age, was cruelly murdered; the German, Greek, and Spanish Consulates also were pillaged and burnt.

The nominal Turkish Governor, Edhem Pasha, commanding a garrison of four thousand regular Turkish troops, would do nothing to prevent these outrages until, after much desperate fighting, a bombardment of the town was commenced by H.M.S. *Hazard*. Then his troops appeared on the scene, but too late to save the lives of two or three hundred of the inhabitants belonging to the Greek race and religion, who were massacred and left under the smoking ruins of their burnt dwellings. Similar acts of barbarous ferocity were indeed renewed on the next day, notwithstanding the arrival of European military reinforcements, British, Italian, and French, landed from H.M.S. *Camperdown* and two foreign ships of war, with which the allied Admirals entered the harbour. The Christian portion of the townsfolk, overcome with terror, begged for safe conveyance to other places on the coast, or to Greece, and help was given to them, so far as possible; the British Consul-General, Sir A. Biliotti, and the other Consuls, had then returned to Candia. Admiral Noel, with H.M.S. *Revenge*, had arrived from Malta, but the Italian Admiral Canevaro is in chief command. There is a large squadron of British, French, and Italian war-ships in the harbour of Candia, and the town is occupied by fresh regiments of European troops. It is anticipated that the Foreign Powers will demand of the Sultan immediate removal of the Turkish Governor and of the Turkish troops, and will now establish some tolerable form of government for the whole island of Crete, with a sufficient force in permanent garrisons to restore peace and good order.

From latest telegrams we learn that the international troops are occupying the fortress of Candia, that the Turkish troops are to be removed and the Bashi-Bazouks expelled, and Prince George nominated Governor of Crete. The news is, however, unconfirmed.

MONUMENT OF ALEXANDER II. AT MOSCOW.

Great festivities at Moscow marked the Czar's unveiling of the monument of the Emperor Alexander II. There was the usual and decorous display of religious pomp in the cathedral; there was the impressive review of the troops; there were the State banquet in the Kremlin Palace and the dinner to the rural deputations; but more memorable than even these will be the words which the occasion called forth from the young reigning Czar about his predecessor. The great work of that "never-to-be-forgotten grandfather" is summarised by his grandson in an allusion to "the liberation of the peasants from bondage, the distribution of bread among them, the solid organisation of the life of the various classes of the rural population of the wide Russian Empire." The "Czar Deliverer" was recalled to his subjects all the more forcibly from the fact that his statue was unveiled by hands just fresh from the task of correcting the Peace Rescript which has at once edified and perplexed the world.

"TERESA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Sardou may or may not be a good model for the young playwright, but we certainly owe it to the Frenchman's inspiration that Mr. George Bancroft has made so very promising a start in dramatic authorship as with the picturesque and romantic "tragedy" of "Teresa." Mechanical artifice and exciting situations we expect in these plays of incident; the astonishing thing about "Teresa" is the mature and masterly fashion in which its author has fitted together the different pieces of his theatrical puzzle, and has prepared his culminating stage-effects. The story (more or less that of "Fédora" transposed) we have already described on its initial presentation at the Metropole, and we need only now recall the central tableau of the drama. Here we are shown, you may remember, a charming Italian girl suddenly confronted with the discovery that the man she has slain to preserve her honour is her own English sweetheart's brother. Perhaps, despite his clever suggestion of Italian atmosphere and his skilful array of emotional scenes, Mr. Bancroft has but sketched in outline the features of his passionate heroine. Happily, he finds in Miss Violet Vanbrugh an actress capable of composing the character—more, an actress gifted with remarkable tragic intensity. There is such breadth about this artist's style, such sincerity in her emotional methods; there is such charm about her elocution, such impressiveness in her Bernhardtesque death-scene, as may almost justify the greatest expectations for her future. Meantime she should avoid overstrain, that brought on a fainting fit at the close of the first-night performance, or her audience may imagine it derives pleasure at too heavy a cost. The manly and tender hero of Mr. Bourchier and the lurid melodramatic villain of Mr. Laurence Irving assist materially in the interpretation. But Miss Vanbrugh's is the triumph in "Teresa."



KILLED AND WOUNDED AT OMDURMAN.

country. That event was sixteen years previous to the English Revolution, which brought him over here to become our King William III. It is noteworthy that this *piece d'occasion*, for a Court theatrical representation, has been thrice put on the stage in honour of two generations of the reigning family. The author has more fully illustrated the character and career of the Prince of Orange at those periods—1672 and 1688—in two historical romances, the second of which, entitled "The Lifeguardsman," recently appeared in an English version.

THE RENEWED CONFLICT IN CRETE.

The outbreak of a Mussulman Cretan revolt at Candia, against the control exercised in the seaport towns of the north coast of the island by the Admirals commanding the European naval squadrons, was briefly mentioned last week. It took place on Tuesday, Sept. 6, with a fierce attack on the offices of the tithe-tax collector, the British Consulate, and the houses and shops of the Greek Christian townsmen, who became victims of pillage and violent ill-usage, while incendiary fires destroyed many buildings in the town. The armed mob of rioters, numbering at first about one thousand, but soon greatly increased in force, were mostly Bashi-Bazouks, or Turkish Irregular soldiers, recently disbanded. They began with a furious assault upon the small guard of British soldiers and sailors, detachments of the Royal Marines and bluejackets from the torpedo-boat *Hazard*, and of the 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Reid, who endeavoured to protect the Government offices.

PERSONAL.

In Stéphane Mallarmé Franco has lost the one man of letters to whom literature was really soul, body, the highest sustenance of man. Mallarmé, a Professor of English in a French college, lived for the sake of words. His poems are strange mosaics, hopelessly unintelligible to most readers, but revealing a singular mastery of verbal suggestion. He carried his theory to the length of holding that words, colours, and music are all the same medium of expression, that you can sing green and paint in adjectives. It is not likely that Mallarmé's influence in French literature will be lasting, but it is eminently curious.

Mr. Edward Snow Fordham, the new Metropolitan Magistrate, is the eldest son of Mr. Edward King Fordham, of Ashwell Bury, Herts. He was born in 1858, and was called to the Bar in 1883. He is an M.A. and a D.L.; also a J.P. for Cambridgeshire, and a member of the Herts County Council. His experiences as a Vice-Chairman of Quarter Sessions will be useful to him at Marlborough Street, where he succeeds Mr. James L. Hannay, long and honourably connected with the administration of law in the Metropolis. Mr. Fordham married, in 1880, Annie, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Carr Jackson, F.R.C.S.

The Anarchist who murdered the Empress Elizabeth is said to have expressed his regret that he will not suffer the death penalty. That is a glorification on which this wild beast appears to have counted. A theatrical pose on the scaffold would suit his diseased vanity admirably. But Switzerland has abolished capital punishment, and the assassin will spend the rest of his life in a cell, a punishment which he has excellent reason to dread. It is only lately that the Governor of a Swiss prison told a visitor that, as many prisoners for life lost their reason, he had come to the conclusion that the death penalty was more humane. The Swiss Federal Council is not likely to alter the law in this respect at present, but it may be asked whether there ought not to be some limitation of the right of asylum for criminal Anarchists? The Swiss must be tired of harbouring monsters like Lucchino.

The Earl of Halsbury has some very good words to say about Ireland as a touring-ground. There was one long wait in a station, it is true, which consumed nearly an hour and a half of the Lord Chancellor's time, and perhaps—to judge by his remarks—about an answering measurement of his temper. There was a series of loud explosions also when Lord and Lady Halsbury reached Tralee—the very heart, they were told, of the late Captain Moonlight's country. They were soon reassured by the information that the explosions were caused by the prearranged firing of fog-signals, and the Lord Chancellor began to marvel at the amazing cordiality of the Irish people. Such a welcome he had hardly encountered during an English holiday. Of course, the Lord Chancellor was not to be outdone in civility: he made inquiries by which he might learn to whom he was indebted and whom he might thank; and the reply relieved him of all further trouble. The fog-signals, he was informed by a telegram sent down the line, had been let off in honour of the honeymoon of a popular railway-porter!

The death of King Malietoa-Laupepa of Samoa removes one who was ill fitted to play the part of monarch in his country's transition period, and who was utterly unable to cope with the difficulties which necessarily have arisen through the intrusion of strong races into Samoa. From the time he came to the throne he was almost constantly beset by difficulties. As a lad he was educated at the Missionary Training Institution at Malua, and he was by no means the "brainless nonentity" he has of late been represented to be, but gave promise of being of average ability. If his lot in life had been a less prominent one, no one would have thought ill of him, but he was overweighted by his position and the special difficulties of the period of his reign. The greatest trouble of Malietoa's life was his seizure by the Germans and his deportation from Samoa. When he was taken back to Samoa, in accordance with the agreement arrived at by the Berlin Conference, he resumed his position as King under the joint Protectorate of the three Powers—Great Britain, the United States, and Germany. The failure of the Protectorate soon produced

disgust in the minds of many of the Samoans, and Mataafa became the leader of the malcontents. It is well known that the late Robert Louis Stevenson sympathised with Mataafa, and he has been blamed for what was regarded as his opposition to Malietoa. It was, however, Mr. Stevenson's desire, if possible, to bring about a *modus vivendi* between the two, believing that to be the only way of securing peace. One of his efforts in this direction was (writes the correspondent to whom we are indebted for this notice) known to very few, if any, outside Mr. Stevenson's family except myself. He sought a private interview with the King, in order to induce him to give Mataafa a position in his Government tantamount to that of Prime Minister. Mr. Stevenson asked me to act as interpreter between the King and himself on this occasion. This was in the early days of the Mataafa disaffection, and the plan might have healed the breach if it had been carried out. But Malietoa was too weak and too much under the influence of others to take so bold a course, and Mr. Stevenson's efforts were fruitless.

Lord Wolseley's introduction to Major Arthur Griffiths's "Wellington and Waterloo" contains some very debatable matter. What does he mean by saying that Wellington's victory "ensured to nations the privilege of working out their own destiny on lines of their own choosing"? Certainly, it liberated the Continent from the domination of Napoleon; but Lord Wolseley cannot suppose that the Congress of Vienna in 1815 enabled the nations to choose their own rulers. So little was that the case that the Holy Alliance proved a worse tyrant than Napoleon; and the rising in 1848 was the direct result of the repression initiated in 1815.

A great trumpeter is dead in the person of Mr. Thomas Harper, who has passed away at the age of eighty-two. Mr. Harper was a native of London, and received his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, which he entered when he was fourteen. There he studied the violin, piano, and trumpet. Of the last-named instrument he was destined to become the leading master of his time, as his father was before him. He quickly attained a prominent position, and was well known in oratories and

are enlisting in the Egyptian army. This is really the highest tribute that the vanquished tribesmen can pay to the victors. Their own sovereign is a fugitive; his boasted power is proved to be a hollow sham. On the other hand, the British have convinced them of a warlike might the like of which they have never known. So it is no injury to their pride to serve under the Egyptian flag. In their hearts they have deposed the Khalifa and set up the Sirdar to rule over their fierce affections. He is indeed the man to inspire such a loyalty.

Our portraits this week include those of the Colonel and two non-commissioned officers of the 21st Lancers, formerly 21st Hussars, who fought so well at Omdurman. Colonel R. H. Martin served in South Africa, in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884 and 1885, under Sir Charles Warren, and then commanded a regiment of Mounted Rifles. Of the non-commissioned officers, one who should be noticed is Sergeant-Major Brennan, a well-educated Dublin man, a student of Trinity College and designed for the medical profession. He preferred soldiering, and enlisted in the ranks, but his Colonel recommended him for a Lieutenant's commission. This he could not get, being a month over the prescribed age, but we hope it will be given to him now for merit. Sergeant-Major Veysey has been in the regiment from 1886, and was five years Trumpet-Major. One of the killed, Sergeant R. Allen, had been invalided home from India, after seven years' service, and rejoined his regiment in December. So much for the 21st Lancers. Among the wounded of the Cameron Highlanders is Lieutenant A. D. Nicholson, who received a bullet in his elbow; that famous regiment and the Seaforth Highlanders were among the first to bear the brunt of the battle.

M. de Rougemont, who professes to have lived for thirty years amongst the Australian aborigines, has read a second paper before the British Association. Now he hopes to have a meeting with various Australian experts who have questioned his veracity, and he undertakes to satisfy them as to his good faith. The most extraordinary point of his story is that when he returned to civilisation nobody in Australia knew anything about him. Not a word of this marvellous tale reached any Australian ear. It is said that M. de Rougemont is a very shy and sensitive man, and that he shrank from the boisterous mirth excited by his uncouth appearance. But he does not seem to have been too shy and sensitive to become chief of a tribe of cannibals, and maintain his authority for many years!

M. de Rougemont may or may not be the hero of adventure. He is believed to be by such competent authorities as Admiral Moresby, Mrs. Bishop, General Wilson, Mr. Bonney, Mr. Cosgrave, and others. M. Paul du Chaillu, by the way, was less obliging than de Rougemont when his story of Central African discovery was similarly questioned.

Mr. Harry Trott, captain of the Australian cricket team that last visited England, is reported to be seriously ill. Nervous collapse and insomnia were succeeded by a fit and prolonged unconsciousness, and his condition is causing his friends the gravest anxiety. Mr. Trott captained the team that defeated Mr. Stoddart's last eleven.

The Earl of Winchilsea, who died on Sept. 7 at Haverholme Priory, Sleaford, was the son of the tenth Earl of Winchilsea by his third wife, and was born on March 28, 1851. The Right Hon. Murray Edward Gordon Finch-Hatton, Viscount Maidstone, Baron Finch, succeeded to the Earldom in 1887, on the death of his half-brother, the eleventh Earl. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a First in Modern History. He was afterwards elected to a Fellowship at Hertford. In 1880 he unsuccessfully contested a Parliamentary seat in the Conservative interest, but four years later was returned without opposition for South Lincolnshire. His maiden speech in the House was much talked about, and he was an active member until his removal to another place. The House of Lords gave the Earl leisure to study social questions, and he took an active interest in the welfare of the agricultural labourer. In 1875 the late Earl married Edith, daughter of Mr. Edward Harcourt of Nuneham Park. To the great grief of the Earl and Countess, their only son died some time ago. The title goes to the Hon. Henry Stourmont Finch-Hatton.

The most significant comment on the Sirdar's victory is the announcement that thousands of the captive Dervishes



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. E. S. FORDHAM,
The New London Magistrate.

Fordham married, in 1880, Annie, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Carr Jackson, F.R.C.S.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. HARPER, SERGEANT-TROMPETER TO HER MAJESTY.



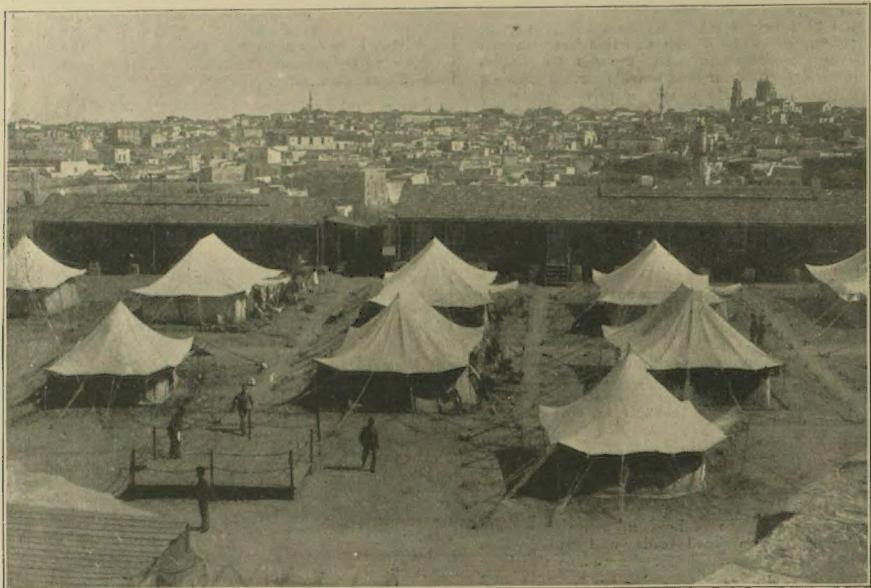
Photo Davis, Samoa.
THE LATE KING OF SAMOA.

sented to be, but gave promise of being of average ability. If his lot in life had been a less prominent one, no one would have thought ill of him, but he was overweighted by his position and the special difficulties of the period of his reign. The greatest trouble of Malietoa's life was his seizure by the Germans and his deportation from Samoa. When he was taken back to Samoa, in accordance with the agreement arrived at by the Berlin Conference, he resumed his position as King under the joint Protectorate of the three Powers—Great Britain, the United States, and Germany. The failure of the Protectorate soon produced



Photo West, Gosport.
COLONEL R. H. MARTIN,
Commanding the 21st Lancers.

THE RENEWED CONFLICT IN CRETE: VIEWS IN AND ABOUT CANDIA.



PART OF THE ENGLISH CAMP AT CANDIA.
SHOWING THE PLATFORM FOR BOXING, SURGEONS' MESS, AND RECREATION-ROOM.



MOSLEMS AND CHRISTIANS AT MARKET.

frequented the first successful market held by both Moslems and Christians. The chiefs of both parties are present, with the European commanders. Sir Alfred Biliotti, Consul-General of Crete, is the little white-haired man with the official cap, seated in the centre. The Moslems wear the fez, the Christians the kerchief, or some species of European headgear. In the centre,



TOWN OF CANDIA FROM ARMY SERVICE CORPS' COMPOUND.

Our illustrations on this page represent various interesting scenes in and about Candia. The domed building is the cathedral. In the picture of the English camp the most notable feature is the boxing platform. The other views of the city explain themselves. Of the small portrait groups, one was taken at Ghazi, seven miles from Candia, and shows some of the natives who



THE RAMPARTS OF CANDIA.
TENTS OF THE WELSH FUSILIERS IN THE BACKGROUND: ARMY SERVICE CORPS IN THE FOREGROUND.

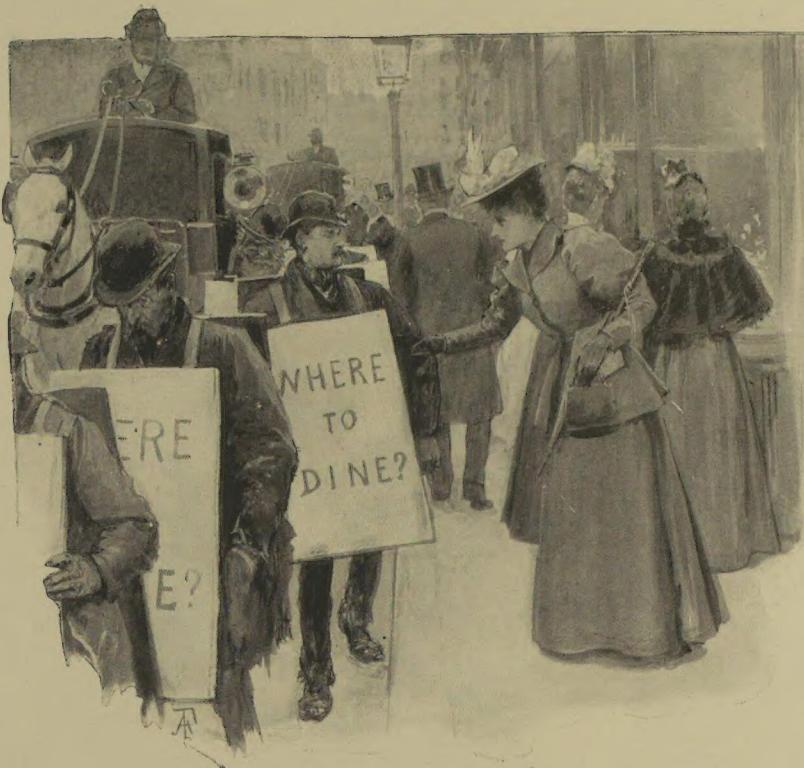


THE ARKHANES GATE, CANDIA.



A GROUP OF CRETAN CHIEFS.

dressed in helmet and khaki, stands Colonel Sir Herbert Chermside, Military Commander of Candia. In the group of chiefs the varying types are worthy of notice. M. l'homme, lawyer and correspondent, wears a felt hat. Second from him on the right is the ringleader of the Moslem mob of Candia. Our pictures are from photographs by H. N. Brailsford.



THE SHORT WAY

BY

WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

DEAREST GEORGE,—I have been reading your letter over and over again. I have thought of nothing else since it came. So far, no light has come to me, even from Dreamland."

She was writing at an open window early on a summer morning, about four o'clock. It was the month of July: the window looked out upon an open heath, on which the rising sun was pouring a cascade of sunshine. She was clad in a light dressing-gown. Evidently she had begun to write this letter because she could not sleep. After these few words, however, she laid down her pen: she leaned her head upon her hand: she looked out of the window: her eyes became fixed and dilated: she was unconscious.

After a while—it may have been one minute or sixty—she dropped her eyes: she shivered: she looked round her with a bewildered look: she collected herself: she thought things out for a while. Then she took up her pen again and resumed the letter.

"Light has come, dear George. Outside my window, as you know, lies Dreamland, where light always lies. Ever since I was a child I have looked out of this window upon Dreamland. It is not a heath that I see; but—what comes to me. Some people look into a crystal ball. My magic window is worth many crystal balls to me. This morning I said to myself, 'I will see how people make money.' So the heath vanished and Dreamland took its place.

"Dreamland is not actually the world as it is; but one has to accept it as representing the world somehow—just as in a piece of music you accept the chords as expressing the emotions.

"In Dreamland I saw multitudes of people marching along in droves or herds: not in marshalled companies, but all going anyhow, men and women, but mostly men: each herd was separate from the rest: and everyone was driven and urged along by a horrid creature armed with a lash, which she cracked over their heads perpetually, and sometimes cut into their limbs so that they yelled and struggled on. The herds were always losing individual members and always receiving additions: always some dropped out, either to die or to wander about alone: and always others joined. All pressed onward in the same direction. There were thousands of roads, and they all lay on a steep slope leading up a high mountain, on the summit of which stood some kind of building wrapped in a shining mist: and the mist so rolled about the slopes and rocks and forests and precipices that one could not tell how many out of any one drove reached the building in the shining cloud or how they fared when they got there.

"I looked more closely. I saw that very few arrived within reach of the brightness on the mountain: they grew old in the struggle, and were no more advanced than when they began: they grew infirm: they could struggle no longer: they fell out and sat down and died.

"Well, I looked and wondered what this might mean. Of course I knew it meant something, because in Dreamland outside my window I always learn the truth. And I was not surprised when I understood—understanding always comes to those who look on and wait—that what I saw were the callings and professions by which men try to

get rich. Every drove or herd was one profession. No one could enter any but by strict rules for admission, rules and examinations and fees. And when one was admitted there were rules to lead him and to guide him.

"At first the sight of all these separate flocks made me sad, George, on your account, because I did not see any place for you—who have no money for entrance fees.

"I looked again. I saw that there were detached groups which never attempted to climb at all, and never got any further forward. The same monsters with the whip lashed at them incessantly, but still they did not attempt to move.

"I looked again. I saw, then, how two or three, here and there, were unable, or refused, to join in any of the herds: how they wandered about: how they made attempts of their own. how they climbed rocks perpendicular, and struck across deep cañons: how one or two actually succeeded in scaling the heights and reached the summit, and were received within the mist, while their former companions were still struggling so long over the asperities of the lower slopes that it was clear they would never reach the top. What did this mean? As I gazed, George, I began to understand. It means that there is always a short way to those who can find it. A short way off the beaten track. Perhaps a rough and a dangerous way. But still a way that does not want the rule and the order of the common sort. So I came back from Dreamland, filled with the thought of the short way.

"What does a young man in your position generally try? His usual course is to attempt journalism or literature: he begins with the latter. he writes a novel, which leads to disappointment: he then turns to journalism: or he casts about for some of those desirable employments that the tender loving-kindness of philanthropists offers to the unskilled and the untaught: or perhaps he tries the stage: or he falls back upon such teaching work as is tested in contempt to those who possess neither degree nor certificate.

"Journalism, literature, the stage—these are all beaten paths like the rest. Leave them alone, George. Find out a way for yourself. Find out how other men have struck out a path to fortune. You will have to go straight to the root of things. If you sell something it must be what everybody wants: if you exhibit anything it must be what everybody wants to see: if you want people to give you money it must be in consideration of the worth of money. Look about, George, for that short way.

"You have, I believe, about fifty pounds between you and destitution. Make it last until you find what you have been looking for. I know that you are ambitious—who should know if I did not? I know that your ambitions are far beyond those of most young men: you want the highest distinctions, the finest career. You cannot have them unless you have money. I do not think you would achieve what you desire by literature or by journalism: you would suffer a thousand humiliations and a thousand disappointments: you would live obscure and die forgotten.

"Look about, George, I say, for that short way.

"And now I am going to say a cruel thing. I cannot bear to follow you anxiously step by step. I would rather

not know what you are attempting or how you are faring. Let us meet after five years. By that time you will have made your attempt and succeeded—or failed. You are strong, George; you will not fail. At the end of five years we will meet again and you shall tell me your adventures. In the meantime, you shall not be hampered with any engagements. You are free. If I find you married or engaged, I shall be neither angry nor hurt. Meantime, I shall remain at home, and shall wait and hope.—ISABEL."

II.

It will be understood from the manner and spirit of this letter that the writer was not very deeply in love with the young man called George. But she was his old companion from childhood, and she was interested in him, and he fancied himself in love with her. Young men are sometimes taken that way.

George received the letter and read it through, at first with something like disgust, for he loved not the allegorical manner. He put it down, therefore.

"She's been reading Addison," he said. "It's quite the style of the 'Tatler'." He took it up again. The parable of the herds and droves affected him not at all. But the suggestion of the short way presently began to work. He was a young man of resolute aspect—steady eyes, firm mouth, strong chin. He might have made an engineer, or a barrister, or a surgeon, or a Home Secretary: but certainly not a novelist, or a poet, or a dramatist. These inferior creatures have faces of a softer and more sympathetic mould. "A short way." If any short way could be invented which was not already known to the multitude! "A short way." It was the only way by which he could lift himself out of poverty: the only thing for a young gentleman of education and expensive tastes who does not possess the money necessary to enter a profession. "A short way." He folded up the letter and put it in his pocket, and became thoughtful.

III.

Two years later, Isabel was walking down Bond Street. It was the season of pictures and Society. As she walked slowly along, looking into the shops, she met a string of the wretches whom we call sandwich-men. Formerly, people used to meet strings of slaves going to their miserable fate on board the galleys. The sight was too common to excite any compassion. Formerly people used to meet the dismal procession of sheriffs, chaplain, criminals, and coffins, on their way to Tyburn. Again, a sight too common to call for compassion. Now, people meet, every day, long lines of sandwich-men: they are quite as wretched as the galley-slaves, and a great deal more-wretched than the men going to be hanged. Yet no one feels the least compassion for them: they flaunt their rags and their misery before our very eyes, in the very one of our luxury, in vain: no one pities them.

Isabel certainly did not. She walked past them, unheeding, until her eyes fell upon one face in the line.

"George!" she cried.

It was George: thin and weak from insufficient nourishment: his clothes in rags: his eyes downcast: between two boards: his toes apparent below the boards. But in his

defeat he preserved in his face something of his old air of resolution.

"Come out of those shameful boards," cried Isabel, dragging him unresisting out of the line. "Come out, this moment."

She dragged him into a side street. He took off the boards and stood before her, unabashed.

"Oh, George!" she moaned, the tears in her eyes.

"Is this the end?"

"Not at all, Isabel." He replied quite cheerfully.

She took out her purse. "I have seven pounds here in gold and silver. Take that for present necessities, especially boots. Oh, Heavens! What boots! Give me an address. Here is a pencil—so, I will send you a cheque for sixty pounds. Present it when you have recovered the outward appearance of a gentleman. Now, George, farewell. We meet three years from this."

They parted. George left the boards lying on the doorstep. Presently another ragamuffin came along and found them. He seized them: he harnessed himself with

saw one who climbed along a steep slope on which no one else dared to stand. Every step he took upward loosened the rocks and great boulders, which went rolling down the slope, falling on the people beneath and, crushing and killing them. They shouted to him: he made no reply: he followed on his way, getting rapidly upwards: the rocks falling under his feet as he marched along made the way easier for him: he paid no heed, though from below groans, cries, and lamentations from the dead and dying were plainly audible. But he strode on, and as Isabel looked



Everyone was driven and urged along by a horrid creature armed with a lash, which she cracked over their heads perpetually.

"This is only the result of a false start. I tried a short way, as you recommended."

"Well? I do not want to know what kind of short way it was."

"I am not going to tell you. I made a mistake, that is all. I thought that the world wanted justice and equity and honesty. They don't. I have been beaten this time. But I shall not make the same mistake again. Isabel, I am very glad that I met you. I am not too proud to borrow money of you. Lend me some."

"How much do you want, George?"

He reflected. "I can do what I want to do with sixty pounds."

them: he marched off down Bond Street and joined the line, now certain of a shilling. Happy ragamuffin! Fate cannot harm him who is certain of a shilling.

IV.

Once more Isabel sat at the magic window. Once more the heath and the hills vanished, and she saw again the hordes and herds driven along by the Creature of the Whip striving to climb the mountain of the Shining Mist. They interested her but little. She turned to look at the men who left the droves and the beaten track and struck out a new line for themselves. These adventurers interested her a good deal. She watched some of them. Presently she

the golden mist rolled over, and he was received within, where all the world would wish to be.

V.

The five years assigned for the separation came to an end.

Their letters crossed.

"I have a house," said George, "in Park Lane. Come to see me here."

They met in Park Lane. It was a really splendid mansion. Many a noble Earl has to put up with one much less splendid.

"I am very glad to see you, Isabel," said George. He was now big, important, and magisterial: he was apparently

in great prosperity, if a great house, servants in troops, and other external signs prove prosperity. "The last time we met was not promising, was it? I am not too proud, Isabel, to rest the whole of my success upon the money you lent me."

"You are successful, then?"

George swept the room with a circular flourish. "What does this look like, Isabel?"

"It looks like a great success."

"It is a great success. I owe it to you, I repeat, not only for the money you lent me, but for the Short Way you advised me to find."

"Then you did find it?"

"I found two. The first led me to the sandwich-boards. You remember them! The second led me here."

"I am curious to know more," said Isabel. Just then the vision of the man who tramped along the mountain-side, sending rocks and boulders down upon the people's heads, recurred to her, I know not why.

"My short way is most simple. I point out other short ways, and I charge for admission."

"That seems simple."

"Every great thing is simple, but nothing simple is easy. I have been abroad, Isabel. I found a country where there are treasures of gold and silver and all kinds of minerals. I have acquired concessions and rights. I have come home, and I now form companies, to which I sell my rights. See? The whole world wants a short way, and I find one for everybody. That's all."

Again Isabel saw the man who sent the boulders rolling down the hill.

"They buy your rights. They give you their savings in reliance on your promise."

"Just so—on the prospectus. It is perfectly simple."

"What do they get in return—these people?"

George laughed. "I don't know. Most likely nothing. Then he was the man who rolled down the boulders and killed the people. Isabel turned very red.

"George," she said, "you are a robber."

"No. I am a millionaire."

She turned and walked out of the room.

George looked after her and lit a cigarette. "Other people," he said, "have said that; yet here I am and here I stay."

THE END.

The Bishop of Natal is staying in Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. He has come on important business, and will remain only three weeks, returning in time for the meeting of the Provincial Synod of South Africa in October.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Salisbury, who is at present at Jerusalem, is likely to remain there until after the visit of the German Emperor, at the end of October. He hopes to be back in England about the middle of November.

The Bishop of Carlisle has returned to his diocese after an absence of eight months. In the *Diocesan Gazette* he says that one of the chief lessons learnt during his enforced retirement has been the duty of recognising one's limitations. "The great temptation which besets modern

impossible that his sympathies may be on the side of Mr. Kensit.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes appeared at St. James's Hall on Sunday for the first time in his official capacity as President of the Wesleyan Conference. He received an enthusiastic welcome from crowded congregations both in the morning and evening. It is certain that during this winter Mr. Hughes will refrain from touching too frequently on political and controversial questions. No one recognises more clearly than he does that it is the

President's duty to exercise a reconciling and uniting influence.

The Rev. Alexander Connell, of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, is now well on his way to China. He will be absent until April or May of next year. Before leaving London, Mr. Connell was presented with his portrait. His congregation are looking forward with great interest to the letters he has promised to send them from the mission-field.

The Bishop of Ripon, whose recent accident has aroused some anxiety lest he should be unable to fulfil his engagements as President of the Church Congress, is progressing favourably, and it is hoped that he will be able to take the chair at Bradford on the 27th inst.

St. Matthew's, Bayswater, of which the Rev. E. A. Stuart is Vicar, is one of the richest and most popular churches in London. Great complaint is made in the current number of the *Parish Magazine* that the Communion Service plate is unworthy of the church. The Early Christians, it is said, "made their communion-plate of crystal, onyx, sardonyx, and gold, but the

vessels of St. Matthew's are not even of silver, and not uniform." A handsome service of solid gold communion-plate was lately presented to Mr. Stuart; but this, it seems, is too small for use at the larger communions.

Mr. T. Erskine Swanzey writes: "Allow me to point out an error which appears, doubtless through inadvertence, in your issue of Sept. 10. On page 375, referring to the death of Mr. R. S. Cary, you say that Kingsley lived to see him 'return to an older communion.' The Roman Church in England, which Mr. Cary joined, dates from 1570, its episcopate from 1830; while the Church of England, which he left, has a history stretching back through thirteen centuries to the arrival of St. Augustine in 597 at Canterbury, where his ninety-fourth successor was recently enthroned. The latter, therefore, not the former, is 'the older communion.'"

V.



"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI."—BY HENRY M. RHEAM, R.I.

In the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

Bishops of easy locomotion is always to be on the move. *Non omnes omnia*—a selection must be made."

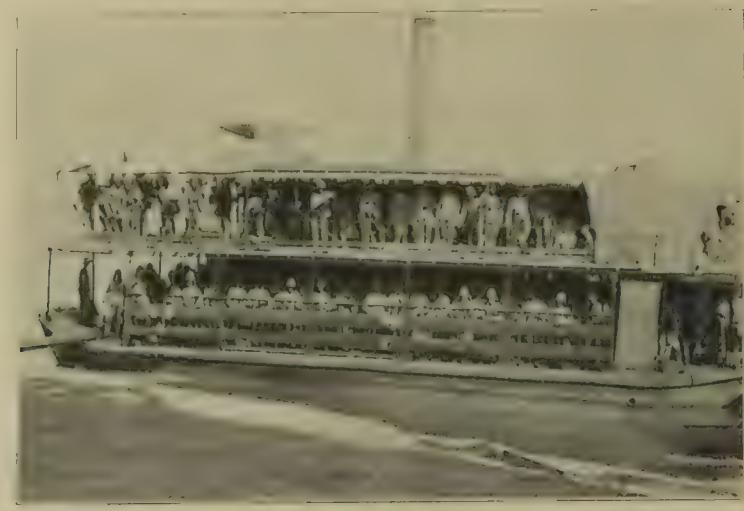
Several of the Bishops have put off their holidays this year till the autumn. Among them are Bishop Sheepshanks, of Norwich, who left for the Continent at the beginning of this month, and the Bishop of Winchester, who is going abroad in October. The Archbishop of York, on the other hand, who has been staying at Merton Hall, near Flamborough Head, has returned to his duties at Bishopthorpe.

A correspondent of the *Church Times* appeals to the new Lord Mayor to put a stop to Mr. Kensit's agitation in London. He recalls the example of Lord Mayor Allen, thirty years ago, who sent church rioters to prison. If, however, the new Lord Mayor is Sir John Voce Moore, a well-known member of the City Temple, it is not

OUR SUCCESS IN THE Soudan.



ENGINE DECORATED TO CONVEY THE SIRDAR TO THE FRONT.



ARRIVAL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS AT HALFA.

Further particulars of the great victory at Omdurman have been received from the Sirdar to the effect that the total number of Dervish dead left on the field was 10,800. Large numbers of wounded crawled down to the river and into the town. From these it is estimated that their total number must be about 16,000. A gun-boat was despatched up the Blue Nile to restore order in certain districts in which the Dervishes were reported to be looting the inhabitants, while a camel-corps of 500 Arabs was on Sept. 7 sent in pursuit of the Khalifa.

The defeated Dervish leader continued his flight in the direction, it was believed, of El Obeid, travelling with such speed that some of his wives had to be dropped on the road. Good hope of the Khalifa's capture is entertained, as Major Stuart-Wortley with the Jaalin contingent managed to cross to the left bank of the Nile and engaged in a hot pursuit. Major Stuart-Wortley's horse numbers about

four thousand men. The Khalifa's remaining forces are quite demoralised. On Sept. 6 the Sirdar reported from Omdurman that all was quiet, and that the tribesmen were continuing to come in. Most of the wounded officers left for Cairo early in the present week, the other wounded also progressing favourably. Meanwhile, the task of pacifying the Soudan is kept well in view, and five gun-boats have gone up the White Nile to render service in that direction. Two provinces—Darfur and Kordofan—have still to be restored to the Egyptian rule; but for the present no important military expedition is likely to be taken for their recovery. The tribes in these regions are understood to be desirous to come in and make their peace with the Egyptian Government. Communication, however, is to be opened up with Uganda, and this the five gun-boats are destined to effect. The presence of a French expedition at Fashoda is now confirmed, and

on the attitude it assumes diplomatic complications may depend.

A remarkable suggestion, endorsed by the Sirdar, has been put forward in a proposal that Gordon should be commemorated at Khartoum by the foundation of an unsectarian technical college, in which the sons of the Sheiks might be educated, and so be fitted to carry on that work of civilisation in the Soudan which lay so near to Gordon's heart. The sum of £400,000 would be required, and this, it is thought, might be raised by public subscription at home. Such a scheme would certainly have won Gordon's hearty approval. As yet, however, it is in the air, and must be subjected to the test of time, discussion, and public opinion.

The British troops are being rapidly sent down the Nile. On Sept. 5 the Warwickshire Regiment, the best shots in the Army, who did capital work in the recent



A CAMEL CORPS ON THE ROCKS SOUTH OF WAD HAMED.

Drawn on the Spot by Captain McNeill.

OUR SUCCESS IN THE Soudan.

engagement, left Omdurman. Next morning the Lincolnshire Regiment followed. The Seaforth and Cameron Highlanders departed a day or two later. All the wounded go to Atbara.

More recent despatches give particulars of how the news regarding the occupation of Fashoda by a European force was received. It appears that the Khalifa had sent his gun-boat *Tewfikieh* and another vessel up the river to investigate the rumour of the occupation. The vessels had been heavily fired upon by white men, and the *Tewfikieh* had returned to Omdurman. There, finding the place in the hands of the British, the crew surrendered to the Sirdar and gave what information they possessed. The *Tewfikieh* had lost a hundred men killed. It is considered probable that the Sirdar himself has now gone south to make investigations. On Sept. 9 the Sirdar discovered in the prisons at Omdurman about fifty Abyssinians. These men, it appears, had been in captivity eversince the fight at Galabat. King



A CONVERSATION BETWEEN SLATIN PASHA AND MAJOR STUART-WORTLEY.

John had often asked the Khalifa for their release, but the request remained ungranted. The Sirdar intends to send them home by way of the Red Sea. The wives whom the Khalifa deserted in his flight have also been released by the Sirdar. Among the most recent captures is that of the Khalifa's first wife, the mother of his eldest son.

A curious circumstance attending the victory has been the eagerness of the Soudanese to enlist in the Egyptian army. In the camp the day following the battle, thousands of Dervish prisoners were sitting in rows upon the ground awaiting medical examination as to their bodily fitness for service. About 40 per cent. passed the doctor and were at once enrolled.

Her Majesty has sent the following message to the Sirdar: "I congratulate you and all your brave troops under fire on the brilliant success which you have achieved. I am grieved for the losses which have been sustained, but trust the wounded are doing well."



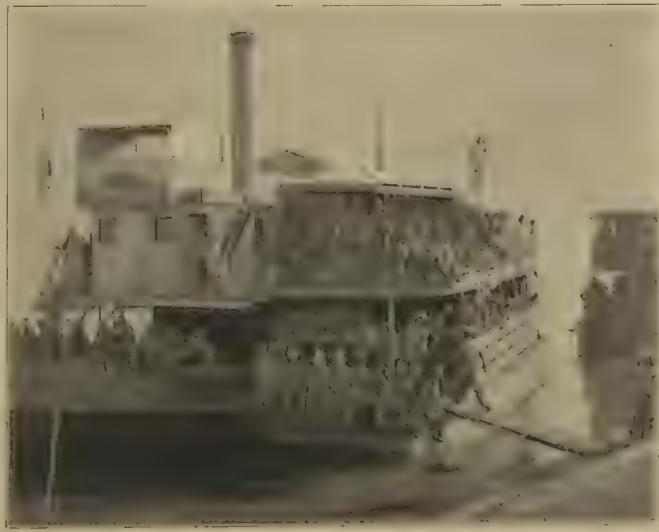
THE TAMAI "WOODING" (TAKING FUEL ON BOARD).



ATBARA CAMP.



CONFLUENCE OF THE NILE AND THE ATBARA.



LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS ALONGSIDE THE "AMBIGOLE."

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The Coronation of the Queen of the Netherlands is to be celebrated by a medal—or medals, rather—from the Begeer factory at Utrecht. One of these, bearing a portrait of the Queen by Burt van Ilono on one side, and on the reverse a representation of the Queen giving her hand to the Virgin of the Netherlands, has been struck in gold, silver, and bronze.



GREAT MEDAL COMMEMORATIVE OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S ENTHRONEMENT.

and bronze for Princes, Ministers, and visitors in church at the Coronation ceremony. The heads of the Queen and of the Queen-Regent appear on a smaller medal by Wortmann, the reverse showing a wreath of orange-leaves. A large square medal given to the Queen and the Queen-mother by the city of Amsterdam was modelled by Wiencke. It, too, has been struck in gold, silver, and bronze, and it represents the Virgin of Amsterdam, surrounded by symbols of commerce, agriculture, and navigation, and holding a palm-leaf towards the church of the Coronation. At her feet repose the Dutch lion.

Mr. Frank Holmes, the amateur long-distance swimmer from Birmingham, made on Thursday last week his gallant attempt to swim the English Channel. At half-past nine in the morning, after a careful study of the tides, Holmes made his dive from the Admiralty Pier at Dover. He did not, like Captain Webb, his forerunner in this famous feat, anoint his body with porpoise oil to



COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL WITH PORTRAITS OF QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE QUEEN-REGENT.

render it less susceptible to cold. The weather was perfect, and the water, it may be added, stood at sixty-six degrees, being several points higher than it was when Webb made his crossing. A boat containing Holmes's brother, Pilot Bingham, and two carsmen preceded the swimmer, who kept close under its lee. He accomplished two miles in the first hour, keeping his eyes closed against the glitter of the sun. For hours he ploughed along with regular breast-strokes, about thirty to the minute. At one o'clock he lunched, drinking (he is a teetotaler)

The Czar's proposal for the reduction of militarism throughout Europe has perhaps passed into quiescence rather more rapidly than its importance indicated. But the season and the weather, to say nothing of the victory of Omdurman and the assassination of the Empress, have given pause to controversy or conducted it elsewhere. With the reassembling of Parliament, the importance of the Russian Rescript will be re-established. Meanwhile, an old Parliamentary hand, the Marquis of Ripon, who can speak with the experience of a former First Lord of the Admiralty, has been insisting in Yorkshire on the duty of the peoples of Europe to "help their rulers in so great and noble an undertaking." The difficulties are on the face of it, but that they will yield to patience in peace-making is the valuable opinion of one who has had the practical task of spending millions and millions on the maintenance of the British Navy.

England has had the bad luck to be engaged in a bloody battle just at the time when the Czar's Peace proposals are echoing through the world. That fact may make her a little modest in her terms when she replies to the Czar, but the reply will be cordial and sympathetic all the same. Meanwhile England, which, together with America, has done more than anybody to supplant war by arbitration in recent years, has certain claims to have put in old days the idea of peace into the policy of St. Petersburg. The Emperor Alexander I. was a visitor to England, and made the acquaintance here of William Allen and one or two other members of the Society of Friends, with whom he held the most intimate religious converse, and to whom he declared his wish to put an end to war-making in Europe. Napoleon I. had said very much the same thing, to be sure. But the motives and the methods of the two rulers had nothing in common; and there is no question but that the language and the sentiment of the present Czar's manifesto exactly reproduce those of his illustrious predecessor, under the influence of English Friends.

On Brandon Hill, Bristol, has been set up, in memory of John Cabot and his sons, a tower of observation, which was opened the other afternoon by Lord Dufferin. The tower, which has cost about £5000, commemorates, as a tablet explains, "the fourth centenary of the discovery of North America in June 1497 by John Cabot, who left the shore with a Bristol crew." At the public banquet, Lord Dufferin paid a warm tribute to Cabot, and expressed wonder at what might have been the fate of England but for Cabot's discovery of Newfoundland, for instance. The Mayor of Bristol, Commodore Bainbridge, Mr. Gilbert Parker, and M. de Rougemont also spoke in reply to toasts, and the burden of the speeches is best conveyed by the inscription on a tablet on the south side, under the Merchant Venturers' arms: "This tablet is placed here by the Bristol Branch of the Peace Society in the earnest hope that peace and friendship may ever continue between the kindred peoples of this country and America."

The Duke of Norfolk, who, as Postmaster-General, is the largest trader in the kingdom—at any rate, in the number of his transactions with the public—has just issued his annual report. It is one which calls for a word of congratulation to the Duke on the changes—all for the better—in the postal and telegraph service he has been able to effect. The Duke has not been content as Postmaster to be a mere registrar of the decisions of his subordinates. He has been a constant attendant at the Post Office, and has devoted to every detail an attention of which the public certainly has gained the benefit. And what the public gains the Post Office gains, and the other way about; so that the Duke of Norfolk, in reporting that he has made nearly three and a half millions profit on the last year, is announcing what is at once a fine coup for the Post Office and a fine coup for the ratepayer.

Nearly three-quarters of a million letters in the course of the year were so badly dated and addressed that they could neither be delivered nor returned. The letters undelivered for one reason or another, but returned safely to the writers, were very numerous, and they had enclosures, all told, of value considerably over half a million of money. Over seventy-one millions of postal orders were issued, representing twenty-six millions in cash. The parcels going by Parcel Post to or from the Continent numbered two millions; and the concessions made in the post-card service has resulted at once in a far more than compensating increase of business. Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P., will see in such an admission a point of vantage to press home when fresh occasion offers.

The most proverbial of all astronomical facts is that there are "spots on the sun." On Thursday last week there was a particularly large spot passing its central meridian; and the passage was accompanied by magnetic disturbances and by bright aurorae. That was why many people seemed to see two sunsets that evening, one in the west but another in the north, where the horizon was illuminated with pale yellow light, shooting up streamers in varying height and breadth.

There are some invitations one would willingly refuse, but few people would decline to be present at the highly satisfactory dinner which was given the other day by the head of an old-established and reputable firm of discount brokers. The gentleman in question, who has recently retired from business, invited all his former staff to dine with him. In this there was nothing uncommon, but at the end of the evening each guest received a mysterious sealed packet, with a request that it might not be opened until the recipient had left the house. The parting guests subsequently found that they had each been sped most handsomely with a cheque for £1000!

ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: HOLMES STARTING FROM THE ADMIRALTY PIER AT DOVER.

a bottle of hot milk, and eating beef-steak very finely minced. A pear was his dessert. After nine hours he had achieved some twenty-four miles, but these included a good deal of drifting out of the direct line, and he was still six miles from Capo Grisnez. Then the weather became cooler; a breeze made the waves break over the swimmer's head; and a fog hid the French coast. Holmes, therefore, took to the boat, having performed no light feat, although not quite the one which he had set forth to accomplish.

Photo from Castle, Clifton.
THE CABOT TOWER ON BRANDON HILL, BRISTOL, OPENED ON SEPT. 6 BY THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN.

The dismissal of Li-Hung-Chang is dramatic enough. For some time he has done his utmost to thwart the British Minister at Peking, who has not hesitated to speak his mind. When Sir Claude MacDonald has called upon the Tsung-li-Yamen, he has frequently taken the opportunity to denounce Li-Hung-Chang. The picture suggests Cicero inveighing against Catiline in the Roman Senate. Catiline preserved his equanimity, and Li-Hung-Chang must

of Darfur. The Mahdi about this time discovered his "divine mission"; and thenceforth the life of Slatin Pasha was one of conflicts, imprisonments, escapes crowned by the final triumph of a fortnight ago. His foes at one time were they of his own household; for when the Mahdi took El Obeid, Slatin Pasha's men began to ascribe his misfortunes to the fact that he was a Christian. A nominal adoption of the Mohammedan religion was the



SLATIN PASHA, THE SOUDANESE PRISONER.
From "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," by permission of Mr. Edward Arnold.

Li-Hung-Chang has suffered the imperial displeasure. He was once deprived of his Yellow Jacket and his Peacock's Feather, but he recovered those ornaments and became more powerful than ever. In the present instance he has given offence to Sir Claude MacDonald by acting as a Russian agent. He is said to have been handsomely paid by M. Pavloff, to whom he retailed everything that the British Minister said to the Tsung-li-Yamen. To be bribed by the foreigner is not exactly a novel experience for a mandarin. Li has accumulated great wealth by various means which might be thought discreditable in Europe, but pass without comment in China. He has not been dismissed for venality, nor for his relations with Russia. His disgrace is regarded as a check to Russian diplomacy; but we should be more impressed by it if we knew it was permanent. For the moment Sir Claude MacDonald has conquered the opponent who is reported to have said on one occasion that he would hand the British Minister his passports.



LI-HUNG-CHANG.

have matched this with Chinese impassiveness. However, the British Minister seems to have carried his point, and it remains to be seen to what extent the dismissal of the old diplomatist is a reality.

It is not the first time that

result—a ruse of warfare that even theologians, one imagines, would look upon leniently. When Gordon was besieged at Khartoum, Slatin Pasha had an interview with the Mahdi, to whom he made the oath of allegiance. Moreover, he wrote to Gordon asking him to surrender. These things did not save him from being thrown into prison and having Gordon's head brought to him. After sixteen years of such adventure, Slatin Pasha (who is an English Commander of the Bath and a Colonel in the Egyptian Army) escaped from his hut near Omdurman and fled to Cairo, where at last he found freedom and friends. His return to Omdurman with Sir Herbert Kitchener, a conqueror where he had been virtually a captive, is the climax of a career of amazing vicissitude. The portraits here given of the Pasha in his Eastern dress and his Western (the comparison is a suggestive one) are supplemented on another page by a later representation, in which he is seen in conversation with Major Stuart-Wortley during the campaign that has witnessed the avenging of Gordon.

The majority won by the Bond party at the elections in Cape Colony, however narrow, is in the nature of a victory for the Colony's great neighbour, President Kruger.



SLATIN PASHA OF TO-DAY.

Photo Dowsay.



PRESIDENT KRUGER AND HIS FRIENDS.

Li has come second best out of this duel, but it would be rash to assume that his authority has received any serious blow.

Slatin Pasha has had experiences such as fall to few. By birth an Austrian, he made his first journey to the Soudan twenty years ago. He was Governor of Dara when Gordon was in Darfur suppressing the slave-trade, and, a little later, when Gordon was Governor-General of the Soudan. He had responsibilities and perils by night and day, and bore them so bravely that he was appointed Governor-General

Mr. Cecil Rhodes gave an accent to the differences between Dutch and English in his appeal to the electors; and the Dutch have proved themselves the least little bit the stronger of the two on the present unsatisfactory franchise. President Kruger is not exactly a man of mercurial temperament. He takes things as they come pretty evenly. Rather fortunate things have come to him for that matter; and a man of good luck is always a man of friends. That is the President's happy position, and his latest photograph shows him in the midst of a great group of followers, including "troops of friends" in every sense of the word.

Photo White.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT OF ALEXANDER II. AT MOSCOW.

Photo Adolphe Riehle. Moscow.

THE QUEEN AT THE BALMORAL GATHERING.



THE QUEEN VIEWING THE HIGHLAND GAMES FROM THE ROYAL PAVILION.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Princess of Leiningen, and Princess Aribert of Anhalt, on Thursday, Sept. 8, received at Balmoral, in special celebration of the fiftieth year of her Scottish Highland residence, the annual gathering of

the Royal Highland Society of Braemar. The Duchess of Albany and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, with several children of the royal family, including those of the Duke and Duchess of York, saw the Highland sports, athletic exercises, and Highland dances performed by the



DANCING THE HIGHLAND REEL BEFORE HER MAJESTY.

Duff, Farquharson, and Forbes clansmen in front of a pavilion erected for the royal party of spectators on the field. Many of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, and numerous visitors from Aberdeen and other towns, came to Balmoral for a share of this local entertainment.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN.



LANDING OF REFUGEES AT CANEA.

H.M.S. "CAMPERDOWN" STATIONED AT CRETE.

BAHMI-BAZOUKS ATTACKING CRETAN CHRISTIANS.

THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND



THE HERALDS ANNOUNCING THE INAUGURATION OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.



QUEEN WILHELMINA GREETING HER PEOPLE FROM THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE AT AMSTERDAM.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Cuba, Past and Present. By Richard Davey. (Chapman and Hall.)
Harrow School. Edited by E. W. Howson and G. T. Warner. With an Introductory Note by Earl Spencer. (Edward Arnold.)
Eton in the 'Forties. By an Old Collegian (Arthur Duke Coleridge). Second Edition. (Richard Bentley.)
The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor. By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. (Longmans.)
Lyrical Ballads. By William Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge, 1798. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Davey's book is an informing and entertaining volume on a subject which possesses much actual and prospective interest. It embodies the results of a personal knowledge of Cuba and the Cubans and of careful study of the history of the island from the time when its discoverer, Columbus, was dazzled by its beauty and fertility. It could have been wished, perhaps, that in his ample sketch of Cuban history Mr. Davey had given more than a passing reference to the English occupation of the island in 1762, which, though it lasted scarcely a year, brought great prosperity to Cuba. In telling the finely achieved story of Spanish rule a government which has arrested the development, he could hardly do justice to all of the marvellous resources of Cuba. Mr. Davey points out as the greatest of the many blunders committed at Madrid the suppression of Marquez Carpio, with his policy of concession, by General Weyler, whose cruelties he ranks with those of Cortez and Alva. He gives some graphic sketches of the chiefs of the insurgents, as well as of those of the Cuban Junta, which, with its headquarters at New York, kept the insurrection alive. Apart from Cuban politics, Mr. Davey's volume contains vivid descriptions of the scenery of the island, and he sketches very agreeably the social life of its inhabitants in town and country—from the pleasure-loving beaux and belles of Havana and the prosperous American planter of the interior, to the easy-going peasantry and the picturesque negroes of the cities, bedizened with finery abroad and wallowing in filth at home. The impression made by a perusal of Mr. Davey's instructive and pleasantly written volume is that the Cubans need only good government to be one of the most thriving and contented communities.

Excellent as was Mr. Percy Thornton's "Harrow School and its Surroundings," it was published twenty years ago, and left room for the still more elaborate work on the same subject, the editors of which are two well-known assistant masters of Harrow. The contributions of the editors themselves—for instance, Mr. Howson's chapter on "The Intellectual Life of the School," and Mr. Warner's on "School Life and Tradition," are not the least valuable in the volume, but their aim has been to enlist in composing these chronicles of Harrow a number of contributors, each of whom has special knowledge of a particular branch of the general subject. Thus the plan of the volume differs from both that of Mr. Thornton and from that of another monograph on a great public school, which in elaboration and exhaustiveness it most resembles—Mr. Maxwell Lyte's valuable history of Eton College. There are nearly thirty contributors to the volume, and only a few illustrations of its plan can be given. Among the accounts of the work and characters of the Head Masters of the last fifty years that of Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, is by Bishop Jenner; and that of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, given in a chapter on "Harrow in the 'Forties," is by Mr. C. S. Rowsell, a whilom Captain of the School. The late Dean Vaughan, first of the modern Head Masters to retrieve what were at one time the falling fortunes of Harrow, and to raise it to a higher position than any which it had occupied since the days of Peel and Byron, is portrayed by Sir Charles Dalrymple, M.P.; Dr. Welldon, who is about to exchange his Head Mastership of Harrow for the Metropolitan See of Calcutta, writes on the "History of Harrow Chapel," and the Master of Trinity, Dr. Montagu Butler, himself a former Head Master of Harrow, on "Harrow Benefactors and Benefactions." Sir H. S. Cunningham deals with "The Statesmen of Harrow School"—there were five Prime Ministers among them—from Peel to Palmerston. Of the chapter on "Harrow Men of Letters"—Byron, of course, towering above all the others—which begins with Sir William Jones and ends with the second Lord Lytton, Calverley, and John Addington Symonds, no more need be said than that it is from the pen of Professor Court-hope. Everything of interest in the annals of the school-life of Harrow finds a competent chronicler.

An entertaining addition to the story of our Public Schools is that furnished by Mr. Arthur Duke Coleridge, who was known in graver departments of literature before the issue of his extremely lively volume on Eton, which now makes a welcome reappearance in a second and enlarged edition. While recording his own eight years' experiences of Eton, Mr. Coleridge levied contributions on reminiscences of other Etonians and of other periods than "the 'forties," and he has ranged far and wide to collect interesting Etonians of every kind. The result is a very amusing and "readable" book, full of good stories and anecdotes of Etonians high and humble. Some of them, indeed, as in the case of those told of that judicial cynic the late Mr. Justice Maule, are very remotely, if at all, connected with Eton. Mr. Coleridge's racy narrative style becomes almost rollicking at times; but dark occasionally diversifies the generally bright in his sketches of Eton school-life, as in his description of the tyranny, of which he himself had painful experience, sometimes practised on "Long Chamber" fags fifty years ago. There are a number of capital illustrations, grave and gay, by Mr. F. Tarver, who bears a name well known at Eton.

In her most interesting "Gossip from a Muniment Room" Lady Newdigate-Newdegate threw new light on the biography of that frail, if fascinating Elizabethan "minx," Mistress Mary Fitton, whom a very ingenious attempt has been made of late years to identify with the mysterious heroine of Shakspere's Sonnets. Her new and

welcome volume elucidates a more recent period of social life in England. But it is from fiction, not from family history, that she has taken its title. "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor" would be vainly sought for in Burke's "Landed Gentry"; they are to be found in "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" among George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life." According to Lady Newdigate-Newdegate, the characters of Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel in George Eliot's story were borrowed, with modifications, from Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate, a notable eighteenth-century pair, and the novelist's Cheverel Manor was their Warwickshire seat, Arbury. George Eliot was born close to Arbury ten years after the death of her stepmother, who had occupied with acceptance a position in the domestic service of these Newdigates; and thirteen years after Robert Evans, her father by his second marriage, became agent to Mr. Francis Newdegate, Sir Roger's successor in the ownership of Arbury. Thus Marian Evans came to know much about the family history and household of Sir Roger and his wife. It happened, moreover, that Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate took a fancy to a certain Sally Shipton, the daughter of a collier on the Arbury estate, by whose youthful promise as a singer they were attracted. They brought her into their household, and gave her a musical education to fit her for a career as a professional vocalist. The story of Sally suggested to George Eliot Mr. Gilfil's Catarina. But the tragical element in Catarina's career was absent from Sally's; hers ended in a happy marriage with the vicar of a parish in the neighbourhood of Arbury. Lady Newdigate-Newdegate's volume consists mainly of the letters which Sir Roger's second wife wrote during her occasional absences from his side to her husband, a model English gentleman of the old school and memorable in the annals of Oxford University, which for many years he represented in the House of Commons, as the founder of the famous Newdigate Prize for English verse, among the earlier successful competitors for which were Bishop Heber and Dean Milman, and among the later two Arnolds, Matthew and Sir Edwin. Her letters are those of a clever, observant, and vivacious woman, as well as a most affectionate and devoted wife. They give many glimpses, well worth having, of social and domestic life in England during the last two decades of the 18th century. Some of the most interesting of them describe the letter-writer's sojourn a hundred years ago in Brighton—the Brightelmstone of those days—which the visits of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and his erection of the nucleus of the present Pavilion, were making a fashionable resort. Lady Newdigate-Newdegate has edited the letters with taste and judgment. Among the illustrations is an interesting reproduction of the portrait by Romney of the founder of the Newdigate Prize.

That this is the centenary year of the first publication of the famous "Lyrical Ballads" makes peculiarly appropriate the appearance, in a handy and tasteful little volume, of Mr. Hutchinson's verbatim reprint of the original and anonymous edition of 1798. Few books have a better claim to this kind of centennial celebration. As Professor Dowden remarked in his brief introduction to the similar reprint edited by him in 1890, the issue of the volume, which opened with Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" and closed with Wordsworth's "Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," marked a new epoch in English literature. Mr. Hutchinson's reprint differs from Professor Dowden's mainly in being much more elaborately edited. The long introduction is not only both biographical and critical, but comprises a complete history of the "Lyrical Ballads" and the circumstances accompanying their publication. To this is appended a bibliographical excursus, while the text of the poems and the origin of each of them are elucidated in copious annotations at the end of the volume. As editor of the "Lyrical Ballads," Mr. Hutchinson (which, it will be remembered, was the maiden name of Wordsworth's spouse) gives ample evidence of the same diligence, vigilance, and minute literary knowledge which he displayed when editing his reprint last year of Wordsworth's "Poems in Two Volumes, 1809," to say nothing of his Oxford miniature edition of Wordsworth's collective poems. In his introduction, Mr. Hutchinson gives some curious extracts from contemporary criticism on the first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads." They are for the most part depreciatory, including even that by Southey, who had quarrelled with Coleridge on the collapse some years before of their scheme of Panticoage, a quarrel afterwards made up in a manner very honourable to Southey, who, Mr. Hutchinson surmises, fancied at first that the whole of the anonymous volume was Coleridge's handiwork. What is most remarkable in these criticisms is the general condemnation pronounced by almost all the reviewers, from Southey downwards, on the incomparable "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Mr. Hutchinson's volume offers a mass of varied information, Wordsworthian and Coleridgean, to the many interested in the beginnings of the new poetic development which was announced in the "Lyrical Ballads" a hundred years ago. If as a commentator and annotator he errs at all, it is in excess rather than in defect.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Messrs. Constable will shortly publish a valuable addition to our birthday-books in the form of a "George Meredith Birthday-Book." Of this there will be a limited number of copies at twelve shillings, while the ordinary copies will be issued at three shillings and sixpence. The compilation bears the initials "D. M." and I understand we have to thank Mrs. William Meredith, Mr. Meredith's daughter-in-law, for a work which will, no doubt, prove of very great attraction for Mr. George Meredith's ever-increasing admirers.

The statement that the very interesting novel of character that Mr. Anthony Hope has written, and which bears the title "Quisante," is "a penetrating study of Disraeli" is, perhaps, not strictly accurate. Quisante is a young Jewish adventurer, who enters Parliament, and while captivating the suffrages of a section of the social world, alienates a much larger section. He has much in him that wins and fascinates, but has much

also that repels. Mr. Hope would, I am sure, be the last to wish that his subtly evolved creation should be thought altogether to represent Disraeli. One act of the character—for example, the deliberate dissemination of scandal against a rival in an election campaign—has never, I think, been attributed to Disraeli, although more than one member of Parliament has been charged with this error of taste and of tactics. The few friends who have read Mr. Hope's story pronounce it one of the greatest of his literary achievements. Possibly, time will count it as the very best of his books.

Meanwhile, it is pretty generally known that a writer who is to give us a penetrating study of the undisguised Disraeli is Mrs. Craigie, who seems more or less to have discarded her pen-name of "John Oliver Hobbes." We know how effectively Mrs. Craigie treated of Disraeli in her "School for Saints," and it is well understood that her next novel will be entirely devoted to the great leader of the Conservative party.

The onslaught upon M. de Rougemont in the *Daily Chronicle*, signed "An Australian," is generally understood to have been from the pen of Mr. Louis Becke, the distinguished author of "By Reef and Palm." Mr. Louis Becke does not disguise the fact that he considers M. de Rougemont's stories to be merely old wives' fables. It was quite a justifiable thing on the part of the *Wide World Magazine* to secure M. de Rougemont's narrative, with its preternatural octopus, its colossal seal, its Munchausen incidents at every turn. It was, perhaps, not unwise of Sir George Newnes and his editor, Mr. Fitzgerald, to accept blindly M. de Rougemont's statements as to his veracity. Many a newspaper-proprietor and many an editor would wish to find such another *Sinbad the Sailor* or *Baron Munchausen*, and would be equally ready to guarantee him. Mr. Fitzgerald, indeed, offers £500 to anyone who can disprove M. de Rougemont. But that is clearly not to be done. When a man tells you one of *Sinbad the Sailor*'s stories, and says that the thing happened to him, you can only doubt. You cannot disprove. But when it comes to crowded meetings of the British Association, the thing ceases to be comical and becomes pathetic. Science would seem to have fallen on evil days when the British Association rejoices in a President who, however qualified in science, however rigidly he may keep within its limits in his Presidential Address, has deliberately accepted many of the crudities of spiritualism, and when its most popular gathering is devoted to a recital of M. de Rougemont's fairy-tales.

Mr. Marion Crawford has, I understand, had a very successful lecturing tour in the United States. He had particularly good audiences at San Francisco, where he lectured on "The Real Mr. Isaacs" and "The Pope." Mr. Crawford is now on his way back to his delightful villa at Sorrento, from the windows of which he has a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples and of the Isle of Capri. There are few more lovely spots in the world, in fact, than that in which the author of "Saracinesca" has for many years made his home.

"What is 'style'?" This is a question asked by a correspondent of that always inspiring little publication, *Notes and Queries*. The question, of course, is almost as perplexing as "What is truth?" or "What is poetry?" but certainly it is a question which anyone engaged in journalism should be very slow to answer. Is not most of our journalism by the very necessity of its hurriedness a negation of style? I should be disposed, however, to define "style"—in prose, I mean—as a capacity for blending words together with some measure of individual charm. Most of us write exactly alike. We are most of us fairly grammatical, which every master of style is not. Most of us say what we have to say with a certain directness, but this does not give us a style. Carlyle had a style, and Stevenson had a style, although both these writers were frequently guilty of lapses in grammar, as Professor Bain, in his "Higher English Grammar," has taken care to point out. There are at least a dozen men living who have a distinct style, and whose work I think I could recognise without their signature at almost any moment, although I confess that one may easily be nonplussed by an ingenious imitation of the style of, say, Mr. Henley. A good style, then, in my judgment, may be summed up as "individuality plus charm." Mr. Walter Pater's definition, "the elimination of the redundant," is obviously only half a truth, as is Carlyle's definition of genius.

Mr. Le Gallienne has returned from his trip to the United States, and is at present staying in Denmark. I have it on the authority of Major Pond that his trip, from a lecturing point of view, has been a fair success; and in any case his visit to the United States has given a new impetus to the sale of his books, which had always done well across the Atlantic—better, in fact, than in England. A literary causerie which Mr. Le Gallienne has written for some years in a London evening newspaper has occasionally been written in his absence by Mr. John Davidson, the well-known poet, and more frequently by a promising young writer, Mr. James Douglas ("J. D."), who has been carrying on an amusing controversy on scansion with Mr. Stephen Phillips. Mr. Hall Caine sailed for the States last week.

Mrs. Atherton, or Gertrude Atherton—I must decline to call her Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, which is an inexcusably vulgar combination—writes to the San Francisco *Argonaut* to say that although she knows only "one critic and two newspaper-men in England," she is as promptly reviewed here "as if I were an established English author, while in my own State I am kept waiting four months." "The one critic and two newspaper-men" may be considered a hard saying in the eyes of the many journalists whom Mrs. Atherton has met in London from time to time. Most of us, doubtless, she does not consider to be critics—but newspaper-men!

Mrs. Atherton publishes "The Californians" through Mr. John Lane at the end of this month, a short novel called "A Daughter of the Vine" in the spring, and in December she goes to Washington to "get up" a novel of which Randolph Montgomery is to be the hero.—C. K. S.

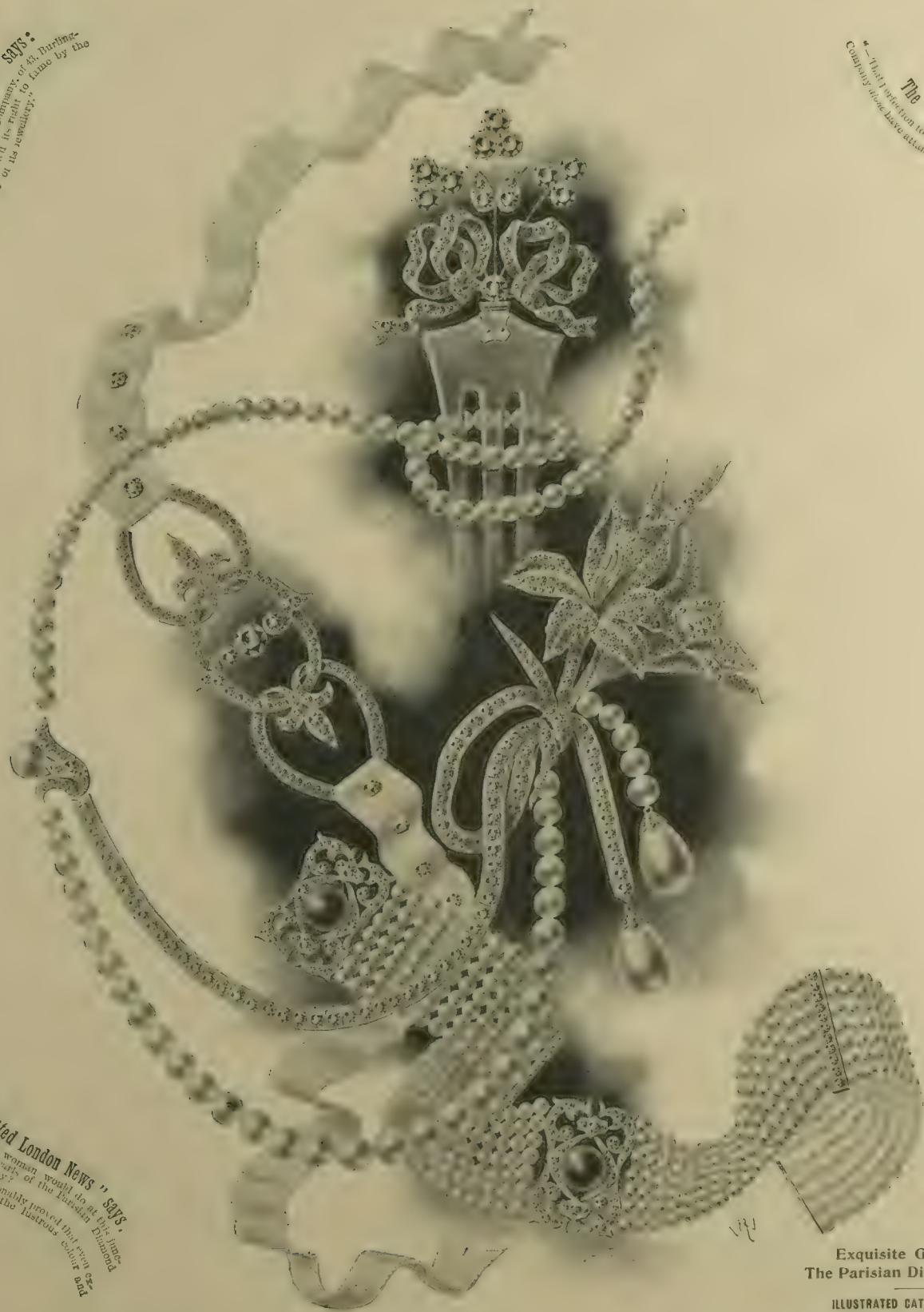


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LADIES' PAGE.

If Fashion took note of common-sense she would perceive that long basques, which slope off to the front, are not in accordance with reason. The necessary pleats of the skirt, which cannot be entirely abolished, although in the new models they are reduced to a flat minimum, are quite sufficient fullness for the back. But sensible or not, Fashion has quite made up her mind that in the on-coming



A DARK CLOTH PRINCESS ROBE.

season there shall be depth at the back and shallowness in front. Even the new fur mantles, which it seems preposterous to talk about in this boiling heat, but which are, nevertheless, all in full readiness, are made in this "shawl-shape" manner; much longer behind than in the front. Capes, coats, and bodices alike are cut away in a graceful slope from as high as the waist-line in front, and descend to almost three-quarter length behind in some cases, and always to a good depth. A becoming form of the new coats is one fastening by a button over the chest and sloped away very gradually thence so that the basque on the hips has a pleasant oval line. Many of them, however, are reduced to a mere tail-coat, being cut sharply away right from the front and over the hips.

If you are buying new furs, by all means have two kinds mixed. Sealskin and sable, of course, make a perfect mixture; even a collar and lapels, or just a throatlet of sable, will make a sealskin cape much more important than without the addition. Persian lamb is excellent style mixed either with sealskin, with real sable, or with that distant cousin of sable, mink, which it is idle to flatter oneself can be mistaken for sable by a good judge—the softness of the more costly fur being quite absent from the stiff, short-haired mink—but which, nevertheless, being so like in colour, has much the same smartness of effect.

Sable becomes ever more and more costly; a full-length cape of it, made in the popular shawl shape, and edged round with a full flounce of fine sealskin, shown to me at a large house in London, was priced at two thousand guineas. Sealskin is perhaps not quite so dear as it was two years ago, but, like Consols, appears to have permanently gone up far beyond the scale that prevailed ten years ago. Of course, fine furs are a possession for life, and are therefore worth buying; but, on the other hand, they need to be endowed with an annuity, for it costs more to bring them periodically up-to-date in style than it does to buy a very handsome new coat of any other material. A novel feature in the new furs is the application to them of big fancy buttons. It is not in very good taste. The brilliant colouring of the button has a gaudy look against the sober richness of fur; nevertheless, there it is.

Speaking of the flatness of the backs of the new skirts, which is combined, as I have before mentioned, with a certain fullness over the hips, produced either by the newest sort of French corsets—or actually by a little

padding—some of the newest models, fitting like a glove over the hips, are fastened at the back without any overlapping fullness by means of a double row of buttons and silk cords. This can only be effectively done with a fine cloth or cashmere. The model thus treated was in a rich violet satin-cloth. It was cut with a flounce effect, but all in one piece, and was stitched round as if heading the flounce with a treble row of machine-stitching; this being the only trimming on the skirt. The curve of the basque followed the curve of the stitching on the skirt, and the coat-bodice opened over a vest of tucked silk muslin; the edges were piped all round with black satin, and there was a black satin waistband.

The Princess dress exactly meets the taste for close-fitting back and well-defined sides, and can be advised for choice by all whose figures are suitable. For a sufficiently slender and graceful outline, the less trimming to break the line the better; for such a figure is illustrated the Princess robe in dark cloth, with a paler shade of cloth appearing as vest and foot trimming, the fancy design in dark tinsel braid on the dark cloth and the four rows of narrow braid on the light cloth preventing too great plainness. The hat is of black velvet, trimmed with white feathers and the steel buckle that is first favourite with milliners at the moment. The other gown is also a Princess in two shades of cloth, but being more broken up, would perhaps be less trying for many figures. The dark cloth is braided in black and gold, the little vest and collar are pleated muslin. The toque is a smart one of black-spotted white velvet trimmed with black velvet rosettes and osprey.

A large number of coffee-house keepers have sent a memorial to the Princess of Wales in Denmark begging her to withdraw her patronage from Sir Thomas Lipton's Alexandra Trust, on the ground that it is calculated to injure the people at present employed in the cooked cheap food trade. The Princess has replied that she is unable to interfere with Sir Thomas Lipton's charity. As he announces that it is his intention to make the refreshment-rooms which he is starting self-supporting, his gift being for building, preliminary expenses, and capital account, it follows that the coffee-house keepers ought to be able to compete with his establishments. If they are induced to make their places cleaner and more airy, and to improve their cooking for working people, to meet the excellence of the new shops, the competition will serve more than one good purpose. At any rate, the Princess does not feel that she would be justified in withdrawing her patronage from a scheme which would give "the greatest good to the largest number."

A feature of the Alexandra Trust scheme, which one would suppose beforehand would be specially useful, is the supply of cooked dinners to be taken home for consumption. To anyone who has closely studied the condition of the poor, it is evident that bad cooking wastes a large proportion of the nourishment which they can afford to buy, and also that the bad cooking in question is even less dependent upon the ignorance and carelessness of the working-class domestic cook than upon the want of the necessary appliances. Large numbers of the very poor who live in one room have only a small open grate at which to cook, and scarcely any utensils. Add to this that the mother often goes out to work all day, and it seems reasonable to suppose that in such cases the opportunity of saving fire, time and labour, by having the cooking done for a large number of families together in a public kitchen, would be eagerly availed of and regarded as a great advantage. In Vienna, and also in Sweden, there has long been a system of public kitchens, which has worked very successfully, and upon which Sir Thomas Lipton will no doubt largely found his effort. But, curiously, whether because of our insular habits of isolated independence, or because of some lack of business management, several similar attempts hitherto made in England have failed. A company, started in Poplar under influential auspices to supply dinners to be taken home by the buyers, came to grief because there was not a sufficient demand. Canon Moore-Ede started cheap dinners at Gateshead some fourteen years ago, which went on for a long time with great success; but in reply to an inquiry which I have just made, the Canon informs me that there never was any great liking shown by the working people for purchasing dinners to be taken away and consumed at home. Soup would be bought in the winter for this purpose, but nothing else. The Alexandra Trust has, therefore, a new field to work in; one which has been very little cultivated hitherto, and so far without success; and yet one in which it would seem there is a specially useful possibility of that true charity which consists in helping the poor without infringing upon their independence and self-support.

I have had several letters of inquiry from my previous reference to this subject, and would refer inquirers to the report entitled "Charity and Food," issued by the Charity Organisation Society; to Canon Moore-Ede's "Cheap Food and Cheap Cooking"; and to the prize essays issued by the Central Council for Penny Dinners, and published by Sir Joseph Causton and Sons, Eastcheap. All these refer to the class of people who are very poor but are still quite able to purchase their own food. For those who are absolutely dependent upon charity, the aged and the infirm, the most interesting experiment is that of the Little Sisters of the Poor at Nazareth House, Hammersmith. They collect the scraps from various restaurants and large houses and utilise them so well as to feed daily a large number of persons at a trifling expense.

An interesting little incident in my own experience impressed upon me the great importance of skill in the preparation of food as an element in producing good, cheap meals, and offers a reason for believing that public kitchens would be of value. I was asked to judge in a cheap soup competition in connection with one of the great cookery exhibitions, held under the patronage of Baroness Burdett-Coutts at the Royal Aquarium. The flavour of the soup, its nutritious elements, and its cheapness were

all to be taken into account in making the award. The three judges were quite unaware while judging both of the sex and the condition of competitors. I grieve to say that the three best and cheapest soups proved to be all the product of men cooks; and they were persons of such high importance as the chef of a well-known nobleman of great wealth, the chef of the Crystal Palace, and the chef of the Aquarium itself! Many of the soups sent in were not only more expensive than those produced by these three high-class artists, but were also simply loathsome. One, apparently flavoured with tallow-candles, will linger painfully in my memory to my dying day; and with regard to several of them we were only too thankful for the coffee-beans that were liberally supplied by the management of the exhibition to remove the flavour of one soup before we tested the next. The moral of this little tale is that skill is of far more consequence in cookery than the cost of the ingredients.

Thousands of women to whom Lady Carlisle is personally known from her position as President of the Women's Liberal Federation, and from her work in the temperance movement, will grieve for her on the death of her son, the war-correspondent of the *Times*, on the Nile. It is in this form in 'part that women pay their war-taxes. As Mrs. Browning says—

Heroic miles the country bears;
But daughters give up more than sons.
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your souls out with the guns,
And take your Heaven at once.

But we!—we empty heart and home
Of life's life, love! We bear to think
You're gone—to feel you may not come—
To hear the door-latch stir and clink,
Yet no more you—nor sink!

Princess Louise's artistic tastes are well known. It is probable that had she not been trammelled by her rank she would have made for herself an important place among the artists of the day. A recent visitor to Scotland gives me an enthusiastic account of the artistic arrangements made by her Royal Highness for the building and decoration of a certain inn at Roseneath, which is not far from the Duke of Argyl's seat, and at which the Princess and her husband frequently stay in a suite of rooms reserved for themselves. The building is as uncommon as it is artistic and charming. The ceilings are made slightly



A PRINCESS DRESS IN TWO SHADES OF CLOTH.

convex and rather low, and they and the frieze are charmingly decorated with a delicate stencil design of the Princess's own. The windows are square and small, and are placed rather high in the wall. The door and window latches are of artistic wrought-iron "scissors pattern." In the dining-room is a large old-fashioned open grate with a picture for overmantel. Dancing is not exactly a popular diversion among the Scotch middle-class, but the Princess has had the largest room in the inn fitted with a splendid wood floor specially for dancing, and there occasional balls are held by golf clubs and charities.

FILOMENA.

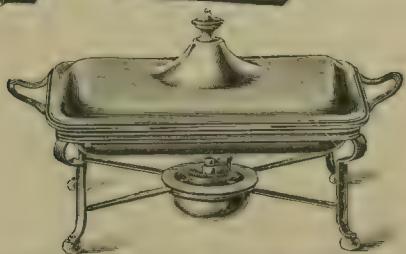
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Hash-Dish, with loose Inner Dish, complete with Lamp and Stand, in Prince's Plate, £5 10s. The same, but in Sterling Silver, £19 10s.



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Electro Silver, £3 15s. Prince's Plate, £4 10s.
Sterling Silver, £21.



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Sterling Silver, £17 10s. Warmer to match, with Top
Plate, Prince's Plate, £4 10s.



Full-size, Prince's Plate Dish and Cover, £4 10s.
Warmer to match, with Top Plate, £6 6s.



Soup Tureen, richly Chased in style of Louis XV., with Revolving
Cover, loose Inner Dish and Drainer. 10 in.; £10; 12 in., £12.



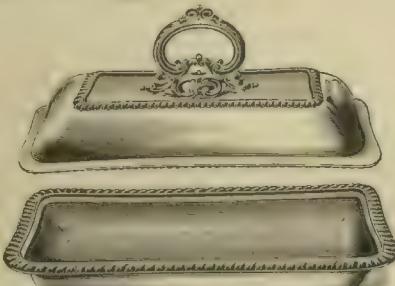
Muffin-Dish, in Prince's Plate, with
Hot Water Part, £1 15s.
In Sterling Silver, £9.

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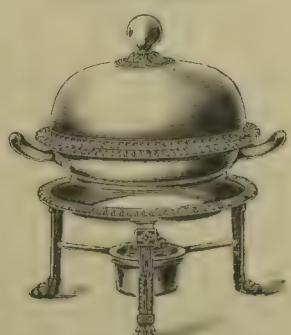


Full-size Entree Dish, with Maxixe Handle and Gadroon Mounts.
Prince's Plate, £1. Sterling Silver, £18.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1896), with a codicil (dated Jan. 15, 1897), of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, who died on May 19, was proved in London on Sept. 2 by the Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, Henry Neville Gladstone, and the Right Hon. Herbert John Gladstone, the sons, the executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £59,506, and the net value of the personal estate to £54,732. The testator charges the possessor of the Hawarden Castle estate, being his descendant, to bear in mind that he has been endowed with the principal part of his (testator's) worldly goods, and as he is the head of their branch of the family, it will be his duty to extend good offices to the other members thereof according to his ability and their manifest needs and merits. He gives to his grandson William, to be preserved and maintained as heirlooms, the patents of offices held by him under the Crown, books and prints graciously presented by her Majesty, all family portraits, marbles, drawings, miniatures, and other resemblances, testimonials of plate given to him, his collection of ivories and (so-called) Indian jewels, so long as shall be convenient, and autograph letters from her Majesty and any other letters and papers of special interest which his executors shall select for the purpose; to each of his children, plate or other articles to the value of £80; and the remainder of his jewels and ornaments of the person and all such movables of whatsoever kind as she may select, to his wife, but the diamond necklace worn by her is, after her death, unless she shall otherwise provide, to go as an heirloom with the Hawarden Castle estate. He also gives his library to the Foundation of St. Deiniol's in Hawarden, excepting works whereof copies are already there, and books which, on any special grounds, his executors shall think fit to retain in the family for his heir. All his plate, linen, china, glass, carriages, horses, wines, liquors, housekeeping provisions, ornaments, works of art, furniture, and other movables not otherwise disposed of at Hawarden Castle or other private residence, he leaves to his wife, for life, and then to his grandson William. His advowson he devises to his son Stephen, for life, and then to the possessor of the Hawarden Castle estate, being his descendant. As to the residue of his property, he bequeaths two parts to each surviving son, one part to each surviving daughter, one part to his wife, and one part to his grandson William. He states that he had by deed conveyed to the trustees of St. Deiniol's Library the piece of land, with the dwelling-house known as "The Hostel," and buildings thereon, at Hawarden.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1893), with four codicils (dated Dec. 22, 1893, Nov. 19 and Nov. 19, 1894, and June 4, 1897), of Mr. George Frederick White, of 1, Porchester Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Aug. 31 by Frederick Anthony White, the son, John Postle Haseltine, and Robert Leonard, the executors, the value of the estate being £249,307. The testator bequeaths £1500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, and the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission; £1000 to the Royal Hospital



A CYCLING CUP.

The above Illustration is from a photograph of the Mellin's Cup, which has been presented by the proprietors of the well-known Mellin's Food for Infants to the Southern Counties Cycling Union and the Essex Cycling Union, Limited, for annual competition. The first race for this Cup took place at the Great Cycling Carnival held recently at Redhill, the Essex team proving victorious by ten points.

for Incurables (Putney); £500 each to the Home and School for Sons and Orphans of Christian Missionaries (Blackheath), the Girls' Mission School (Sevenoaks), the New College (Hampstead), and the London City Mission; £15,000 and £2000 to his son; £2500 each to his daughters, except his daughter, Mrs. Phillips; £2000 to his son-in-law, Mr. Phillips; his furniture and household effects and £1170 each to his children; £250 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emily White; £500 and an annuity of £150 to his brother the Rev. Edward White; £500 to his brother Samuel Francis White; £250 each to his executors; and other legacies to relatives and servants. He also gives such a sum, as with the two amounts of £10,000 each, settled on his daughters, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Lawrence, and any sums thereafter to be settled on his other daughters, will make up £147,000, of which £18,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Phillips, and the remainder, upon trust, for his other daughters equally. By a codicil he directs that the share of his deceased daughter Henrietta is to be divided between all his other daughters. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property, his estate in Ceylon, and the residue of his personal property, he leaves to his son Frederick Anthony White.

The will (dated May 10, 1889), with two codicils (dated Dec. 12, 1890, and Oct. 17, 1892), of Mr. Robert Ashton, of 21, Park Lane, and formerly of Heywood Lodge, Maidenhead, who died on July 27 on board the yacht *Nerine* at Rothesay, was proved on Sept. 1 by John Williams Randall and Octavius Theobald, the executors, the value of the estate being £123,639. The testator bequeaths £10,000, £1000, and his household furniture, jewels, plate, carriages

and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Cecilia Ashton; £1000 each to his executors; and annuities to his wife's maid and children's nurse. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then between all his children, except such son as shall become tenant in tail in possession, under the will of his great-uncle, Robert Ashton.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated June 18, 1881) of the Dowager Countess of Elgin, of Broomhall, Charlestown, Dunfermline, who died on March 9, granted to the Earl of Elgin, Viceroy of India, the son and surviving executor-nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 18, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £94,579.

The will (dated June 30, 1892), with a codicil (dated July 20, 1894), of Major-General William Charles Francis Molyneux, of 16, Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington, who died on July 20, was proved on Sept. 1 by Mrs. Violet Jessie Molyneux, the widow, Miss Ellen Mary Molyneux, the sister, Lord Chelmsford, G.C.B., and the Hon. Frederic John Napier Thesiger, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £76,135. The testator gives his copyhold premises, called Thatched House, Wargrave, Berks, to his wife, and she is to have the use, for life, of his half share of 16, Prince of Wales Terrace, and the furniture and contents therein. The residue of his property he leaves to his children. Should he have no issue, then he bequeaths the Indian claret-jug presented to him by the Duke of Connaught, the Indian silver cup given him by General Gosset, and (subject to the use, for life, by his wife) the emerald and diamond ring given him by the Empress Eugenie, to Lord Chelmsford, and specific gifts and legacies to relatives, friends, and servant. The ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his wife and two sisters, for life, and then to Lord Chelmsford.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1894) of Mr. William Capel Clarke-Thornhill, J.P., D.L., of 3, Carlisle Place, and formerly of Rushton Hall, Kettering, Northampton, who died on June 28, was proved on Sept. 6 by Thomas Bryan Clarke-Thornhill, the son and executor, the value of the estate being £70,573. The testator devises the manor of Ickenham, Middlesex, to his son Randolph during his life or until he shall cease to be the owner of the Swayke estate, and subject thereto to his son Thomas Bryan, but his nieces, Helen and Sybil Louisa Cochrane, are to have the use of the cottage called Little Buntins during their life and spinsterhood. His freehold and copyhold estates in Norfolk and Essex are to be sold, and the proceeds divided between his two sons. He also gives £3000 to Mrs. Mary Webber, and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Thomas Bryan. He makes no provision for his daughters, as they are already provided for by settlement.

The will (dated March 9, 1893) of Mr. Augustus Henry Wallis King, of 28, Pont Street, S.W., who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 25 by Sir Charles Henry Stuart Rich, Bart., and Thomas Page Frame, the

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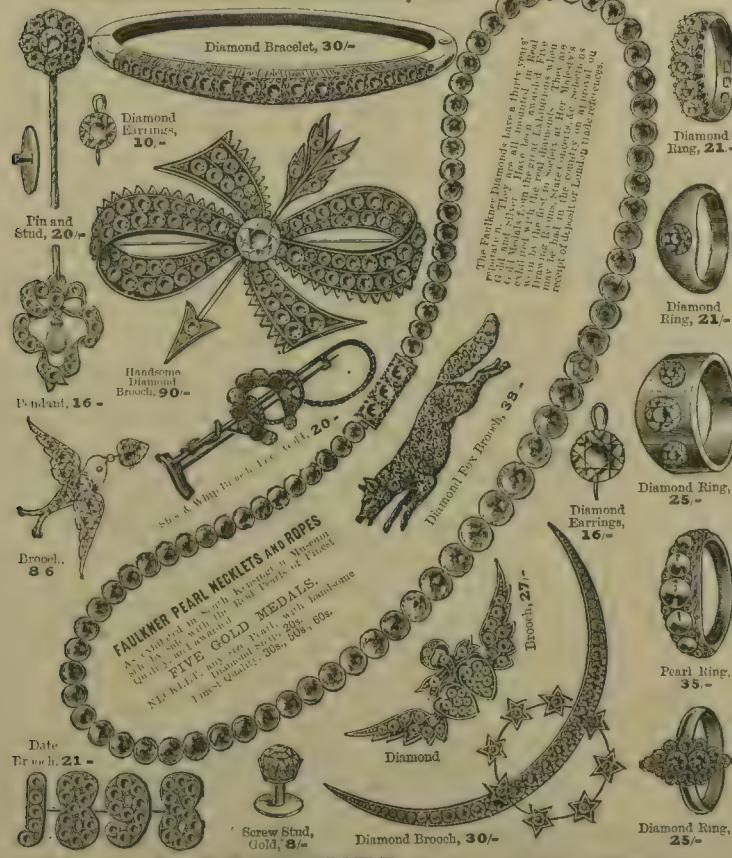
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executors, the value of the estate being £64,651. The testator bequeaths £100 to his nurse, Mary Brown, £250 each to his cousins, Katherine Louisa Rich and Frances Zoo Rich, and £500 to Thomas Page Frame. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his mother, Mrs. Katherine Selina King.

The will (dated June 5, 1886) of Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Molyneux, J.P., of Warren Lodge, Wokingham, who died on June 1, was proved on Aug. 27 by Mrs. Sarah Anna Maria Goro Molyneux, the widow, and Colonel Arthur Hare Vincent, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,985. The testator gives to the commanding officer or succeeding commanding officers of her Majesty's 7th Dragoon Guards, the regiment he was in so long and loved so well, £500 to be applied by him or them, both as regards capital and income, in such manner as they shall think fit for the benefit of the non-commissioned officers and privates of that regiment; £1000 to his godson, Fritz Waring, and £300 to Colonel Vincent. He devises his freehold property, Warren Lodge, to his eldest son. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to his eldest son and two thirds to his widow. Should he have no son, then he gives certain property in America to his nephew, William Edmund Molyneux, and his residuary estate to his widow.

The will (dated April 7, 1878) of Mr. Michael Joseph Ellison, of Beech Hill, Sheffield, chairman of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club Committee, and for many years agent

for the Sheffield estates of the Duke of Norfolk, who died on July 12, was proved on Aug. 22 in the Wakefield District Registry by Miss Mary Ellison, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £16,779 1s. 9d. The testator leaves all his property between his daughters.

The will of Mr. Anthony Hutton, J.P., of Liverpool, who died on April 27, was proved on Aug. 26 by William Coates Hutton, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £8108.

The will and codicil of Sir Chaloner Alabaster, K.C.M.G., of Dil Aram, Lea Road, Boscombe, who died on June 28, were proved on Sept. 2 by Dame Laura Abbie Alabaster, the widow and executrix, the value of the estate being £319.

The will of Mr. Maurice George Rodgers, Master Cutler of Sheffield, of Hildarrock, Ranmoor, who died on May 23, was proved on Aug. 30 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Lucy Helen Rodgers, the widow, and John Rodgers, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £3294.

Our troops in the Soudan have reason to bless *Verators, Limited*, Broad Street Avenue, for their "Sparklets," by means of which ordinary water can be aerated in a moment. Any number of "Sparklets" can be carried in the pocket, and the neat flask for the process can be charged any number of times. The company cannot meet the public demand owing to large Soudan consignments.

AN ENGLISH PARADISE.
It lies far away from the railway, does this wondrously beautiful spot of English soil—up in the Cotswolds, not far from where old Father Thames, like Father Nile, puzzles the geographer with its many sources.

If I called it the English Paradise I should have a hundred tongues proclaiming aloud the claims of some other spot to that title—this England of ours is so full of beauty, ay, "of radiant, exquisite, unmatched beauty." A charm all its own has English scenery—so idyllic to the eye, yet so deftly cultivated.

There are several ways of getting to this English Paradise, but we elected to drive to it from the little town of Nailsworth; for was there not a glorious bit of country to drive through?—an epitome of English rural life, both of town and country. We were in the heart of a whilom great clothing country, where the glossy broadcloths that our fathers loved were made at mills lying snugly ensconced in lovely valleys, their mill-ponds forming picturesque little lakes, all embowered in trees, above which rose the soft grass and tree-clad hills, varied in the tender hues of fresh June, and scented with flowering trees and hawthorn blossoms.

As we drove on over the tree-embowered uplands, we saw on our left hand, rising above a grassy-sloped churchyard, the towers of an old church, and its windows proved it to be a history of English architecture; and though we



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Brilliants and whole Pearls,
£32 10s.
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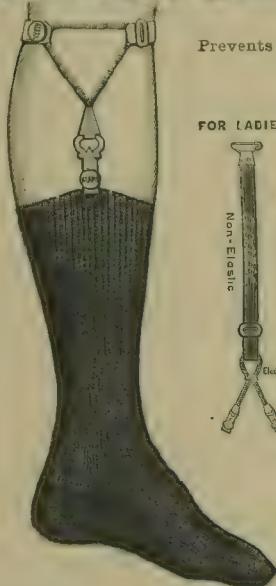
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"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

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will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my name as a "medicine man" had not died out."

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were en route for Paradise, we thought a halt to visit a church was not an inconsistent delay.

And a most curious and interesting church we found this church of Avening to be. Every type of architecture is exemplified in its walls: the little narrow Norman nave, with its bold capitals, its Early English south transept, and Perpendicular Lady Chapel, now forming an elongated choir from the old Norman chancel, all proved full of interesting bits of an historic past; but Paradise awaited us, and the church even could not detain us. So we walked on up the steep meadows to join again our carriage, and drove on to Weston Birt. A useful hostelry stands opposite the path which leads across some deep meadow-grass to the house. Here many a hunter has had a good rub down (I speak of the steeds) after a hard day with the hounds, for we are in the Badminton country.

We soon see the Italian Renaissance windows peeping between the trees, and the glass-houses, that are too palpably man's handiwork to hint at Paradise, first claim us. But what a glory of flowers is within them! Orchids of wondrous shape and of rich beauty, pelargoniums with the most marvellous blooms, gloxinias of the richest hues and perfect blossom: each house a blaze of beauty. But a glass arcade with flowers and trailing plants led us out into the Italian garden, a Renaissance wall with alcoves running round it; and bright parterres full of flowers alternating with soft green sward. But beyond this we made our first

step into Paradise. Dells and lawns, and bouquets of azaleas; great forest-trees, and distant vistas of park-like meadows. Little lakes formed mirrors for the background of rich masses of vivid colour, or clustering groups of many-hued shrubs. One sprawling bush that gave unusual effect to the green of the English trees behind it was the Japanese acer, a plant that here has a foliage of a soft low tone of brownish purple.

At every step new beauties opened out, and in one cluster of trees rose up the village church-tower; but the village had been removed, and between the grouping of the trees we could just see its creeper-clad chimneys peeping up from an apparent dell. His "bit of Devonshire," the master who planned all this apparently natural beauty used to call this peep. For all these dells and swelling mounds, those clustering trees, and sudden peeps of lovely vistas, have all been cunningly designed; the little hills and valleys have been made by man's hands, with spade and barrow; even the trees have been bought when nearly full-grown, and planted where the master's eye saw trees were wanted. A most rare instance of landscape-gardening, not offending nature. He is dead now, the lover of all this work. Early and late and all day long he was about these grounds, planning and directing, and watching his work being done exactly as his artistic eye told him it should be done; and the result is indeed a paradise of beauty, in the which stands the

fine Italian palace, built with the warm-toned local stone, or in the colder, though more durable Bath freestone.

Of course, a squire who moved villages, although he gave the cottagers better houses within sight of their old resting-places, was not without opponents; and a vicar asserted his rights even after his death, as his tomb in the churchyard testifies. The churchyard was his territory, even half through the wall, and as witness to this, he ordered his grave to be cut half under the wall, so that even in death he held on to the fullest inch of his rights to Mother Earth.

Not only round the house does this paradise of beauty extend—a long, circuitous, but most lovely walk or drive can be taken through the arboretum, where trees of the most varied types are clustered and grouped, or enlined, deep recesses all ablaze with gigantic rhododendrons or the more delicate azaleas. The roadway has been made of hard material, but turfed over, so that no hard colour of gravel or limestone shall offend the eye. The beauty is perfect, and it is a paradise for birds as well as for the human beings who can wander amidst its groves.

The present owner of Weston Birt, Captain Holford, is the son of the deviser of all this rare beauty, but as Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, he has but little time to be in it. For four months in the year he resides here; but owing to depression of property, death duties,

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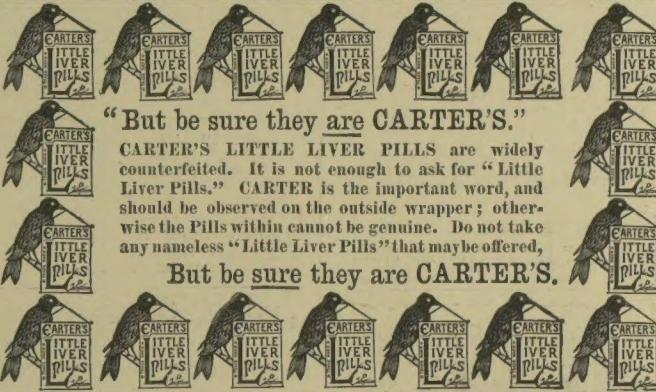
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Their nerves are more "jagged" as it were, more "on an edge," and we are always looking for the next trouble, or racking our Brains and Bodies for the next effort.

Of course this racket acts upon the Digestion, and weakens the processes of the Stomach. The Brain is greedy, and draws too much sustenance to it, and other processes are consequently weakened and must suffer.

There is no help but to face the fact that the body needs a Tonic now and again, and the Stomach also needs a welcome aid to Digestion. Both are thoroughly well assured by the use of Guy's Tonic.

Among other things, Guy's Tonic at once invigorates those processes of the body that evolve Vitality or the power of life within us, so that our Systems are strengthened by the use of Guy's Tonic to resist the wear and tear of our daily lives. Guy's Tonic cures Nervous Dyspepsia, and its occasional use avoids future attacks.

It strengthens the Stomach and Digestive Juices, and thus ensures the blessing of good Digestion.

The whole of the Nutritive processes by which Strength and Nerve Power are obtained from food are thus strengthened, so that by the use of Guy's Tonic the System is fortified, and clad in an armour of Health, to resist the attacks of that insidious foe—Nervous Dyspepsia.

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praises Guy's Tonic. It has been of great service to him when suffering from Nervous Dyspepsia.

" 3, Quarry Road,
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" Dear Sirs,—I am glad to be able to render spontaneous testimony to the value of Guy's Tonic in cases of Nervous Dyspepsia. I derived more benefit from it than from anything else I have tried.

" Yours truly,
" W. N. MEDLICOTT
" (A Working Journalist.)

Stomach and Nerves."

" The Quay, East-Looe,
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" Have taken two bottles of Guy's Tonic. It is doing me good. I sleep better, and don't suffer so much in my Stomach and Nerves as I did. I have been so weak at times that I could neither eat, work, nor sleep.

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and other taxes upon such estates, only a small portion of the house is inhabited—the part built for "adverse times," in proximity to the servants' hall, to save labour. As the whole of the villagers are employed on the estate, this paradise is more in their possession than in that of the owner; but probably they do not grasp the fact. They are living in an English Paradise—perhaps the best type of paradise this world can give us. J. B.

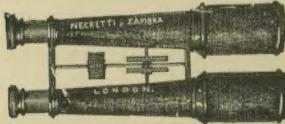
A BENEVOLENT UNDERTAKING.

In connection with the Young Women's Christian Association there is a very useful work, the report of which has just been sent us, entitled "Travellers' Aid Society for Girls and Women." Its object is to inquire for girls as to the respectability of situations which they are thinking of taking, either for those who are coming from abroad to England or for those who wish to go to places on the Continent, where they have no personal acquaintances. The society then provides for meeting the

young women by appointment on the arrival either of a train or a boat, and seeing them safely on their way, or providing them, if necessary, with temporary lodgings. It further places placards at the railway-stations giving the name and address of the local workers of the society, and those workers undertake, when appealed to by any stray female travellers of respectability, to assist and advise them. They are often thus sought, it seems, by young women who have missed their friends, or who have thoughtlessly travelled without sufficient experience or pecuniary means to provide for themselves.

During 1897 the society helped no fewer than 2180 girls, whose circumstances were of the most various description. In one case, a girl was helped who was ill, and not being relieved by country doctors, made up her mind to come to London without adequate resources. In another, a girl driven by bad health into such a state of depression that she was on the point of suicide was taken in for some time, and found a place where stronger. In quite a number of cases girls leaving unknd

or worthless parents had exhausted their small means on a journey, and would have been stranded on arrival in a big city. In other instances, girls unable to speak a word of English have been sent from Switzerland or Italy to take places here, with the addresses of employers simply written upon pieces of paper which they have lost, or the meaning of which they have not been able to explain to railway-station servants and cab-drivers. There is one pathetic tale of a poor girl from Germany who had obtained a situation in County Wexford, and arrived in London with no idea that her place was in Ireland, and that an expensive journey still lay before her. Other cases constantly turning up for help are of girls who have missed their trains, lost their railway-tickets, or had their purses stolen, leaving them penniless and helpless in the midst of a journey. In such cases, the railway-porters or the police kindly convoy the bewildered female to the local Travellers' Aid lady. It is quite clear that this benevolent work is needed, and deserves support. Lady Frances Balfour is the president, and the address of the society is 3, Baker Street.

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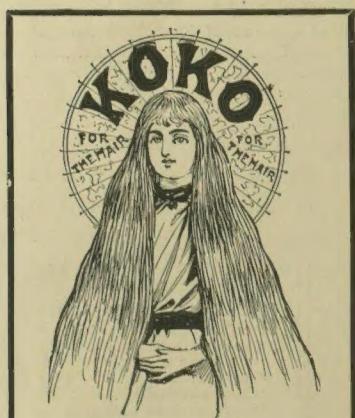
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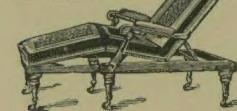
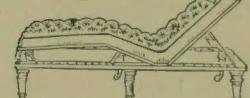
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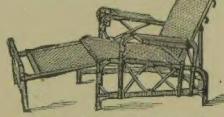
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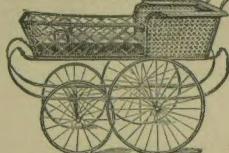
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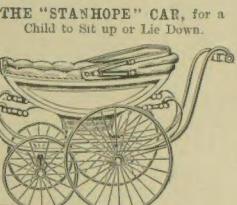
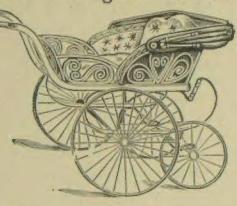


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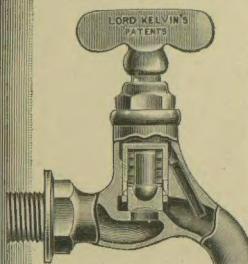
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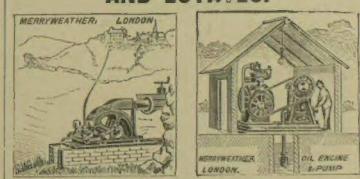
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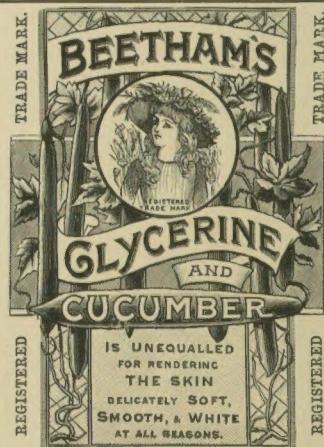
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